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MYSTIC
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August 1954
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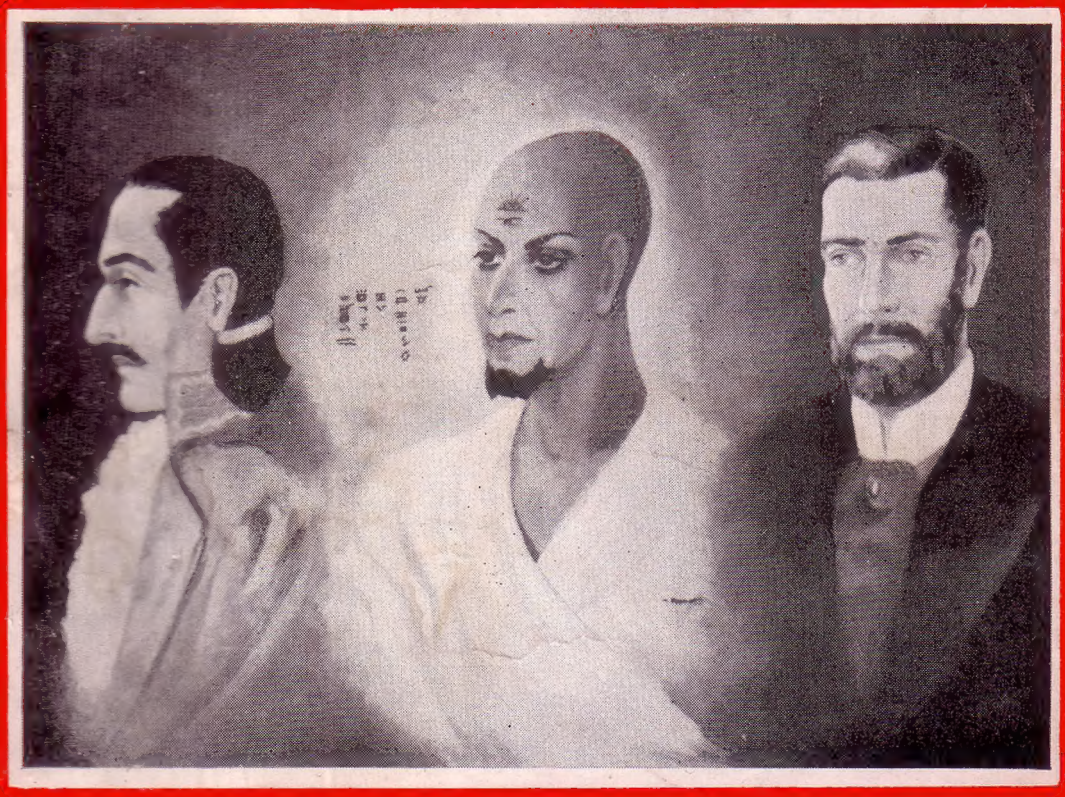

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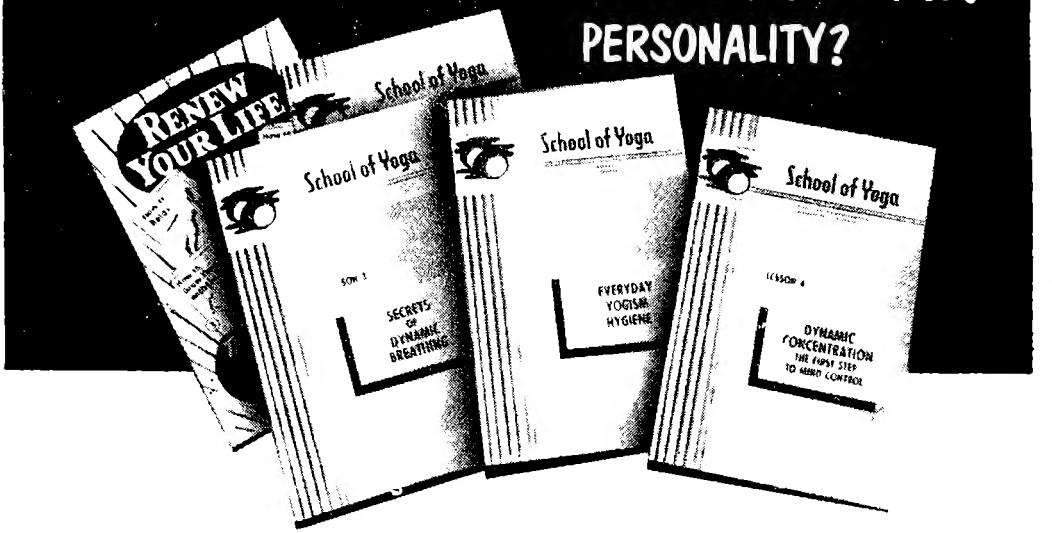

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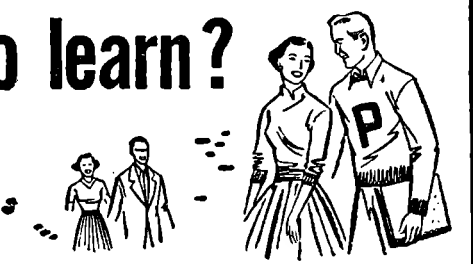

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AUGUST
1954

Contents

MYSTIC MAGAZINE

Issue No. 5 *Editor: Ray Palmer*

TRUE STORIES

VENUSIANS WALK OUR STREETS — Paul M. Vest — 8
THE GHOST OF GRANADA — Arthur Darrell Huckerby — 58
A FUNERAL BEFORE IT HAPPENED — Lillian M. Slayton — 62
THE MAN AT MY BED — Mrs. Pearl McKay — 98

ARTICLES

STRANGE CHILDREN — Millicent X. Horton — 22
YOUR HANDWRITING — Professor J. S. Maxwell — 95

FICTION BASED ON FACT

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE — Sanandana Kumara — 28

FEATURES

EDITORIAL — Ray Palmer — 6
THE INNER CIRCLE — Mark Probert Controls — 64
MYSTERY IN THE NEWS — Ray Palmer — 83
YOUR FUTURE — Dorothy Spence Lauer — 86
THE MAN FROM TOMORROW — William Broderick — 90
THE SEANCE CIRCLE — Letters From Readers — 99

Cover, photo-reproduction of Mark Probert's original paintings of three members of THE INNER CIRCLE

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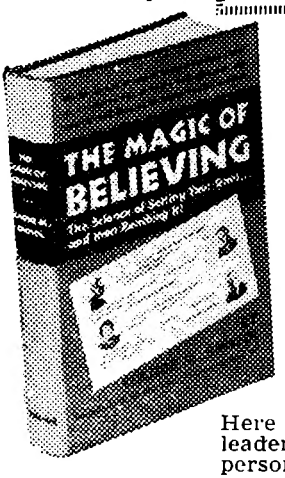

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...Editorial...

MYSTIC Magazine is published every *other* month, which will answer the questions of those readers who write in asking for their "missing" issues. Specifically, we began publishing with the November 1954 issue, and followed with January, March and May, 1954. Next in line should have been July, but this fifth issue of MYSTIC is dated August for a number of reasons. One of them has to do with the financial difficulties of beginning a new magazine, especially in a field so untried as that covered by MYSTIC; the other has to do with a factor we want to make one of the subjects of this editorial. But to finish up on our information regarding our publication dates, the next issue will be dated October, and your favorite (already, some of you say!) magazine will appear every other month faithfully thereafter, barring flood, fire and the H-bomb.

A long time ago we said we weren't in the business of publishing such magazines as FATE and MYSTIC to make money; but, to say such a thing to the average person causes a snort of laughter. Money is everything to them. They can't conceive of anybody doing anything for the pleasure he gets out of it, and for the good it might do, and for a principle. Well, publishing MYSTIC ought to prove to everybody (who cares to examine our books) that the foundation of an almost life-long dream in the publishing of MYSTIC has not been for money-making purposes. We have succeeded in losing $2,000 on every issue published so far. And we consider it well worth every cent. We've been so encouraged by the reception (not in sales, because they have been terribly low—as low as most magazines today in this magazine slump which is now in its twelfth month and which has put many magazines out of business), that we now face the future with an enormous interest and anticipation. At last, it seems, we are going to be able to say the things we've wanted to say for many years, and also give others the chance to say what they have wanted to say for many more years. And too, we think we are going to be able to advance that

principle we were talking about.

You might wonder what that principle is? Well, it's an awfully hard one to explain. It isn't brotherhood, because we don't feel man is ready for brotherhood. Ninety percent of mankind is as murderous, as foul, and as unprincipled as his caveman forebears—perhaps even more so. Perhaps we ought to qualify that; because actually ninety per cent of mankind is basically good; what we mean is that all but ten per cent of mankind is under the domination of a terrible weight of what might loosely be called propaganda. Mankind is the slave of a hypnotic conditioning engineered by a *very few* entirely evil men assisted by a discouraging number who in all charity can only be called fools.

Our principle might be called freedom of thought, except that we know that the average man is incapable of much correct thought. This is due not to lack of ability, but merely to lack of education—and by education we mean long-term experience. Most men don't even begin to "think", in the actual meaning of the word, until they are over thirty-five, and it is only when we near the twilight of life that we begin to use our grey matter to good effect, to find that now our physical aspect is break-

(*Continue on Page 21*)

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VENUSIANS WALK OUR

This story is labeled on our contents page as true. The editors believe what Mr. Vest tells in it. And we wish to point out that Mr. Vest himself believes it. What we want to caution you, however, is that sometimes everything is not exactly what it seems to be. If Venusians actually are walking our city streets, MYSTIC intends to do its level best to prove it. Thus we ask that anyone who can add to Mr. Vest's story come forward now with any evidence they may possess. It may be extremely important! The identity of the "flying saucer men" may be absolutely vital to our national safety!

THE experiences I am about to relate may seem so incredible—so bizarre—so utterly fantastic that I have hesitated to verify them in print. To testify to these facts is not only to admit that we have extra-terrestrial visitors, but to assert that beings from another world are walking on the streets of our cities! These extra-terrestrials are familiar with our manners and customs; they speak our languages without a noticeable accent. They dress in our clothes and look enough like earthlings to pass for one of us!

Basically, I have always been something of a skeptic. Hence, despite all evidence to the contrary, it still is difficult for me to declare with absolute certainty that I have met and talked with a Venusian. Therefore, I'll merely present the facts of my experiences and leave it up to the individual reader to decide for himself whether or not space beings walk among us.

Eight months ago I had but slight interest in flying saucers. Of course, like most other people, I was rather curious about the flying saucer phenomena. In fact I believed I had seen one of the saucers one late afternoon about

STREETS!

By

Paul M. Vest

a year ago out over the Pacific Ocean. I noticed it first as a tiny silver disc high in the sky. I watched it hanging apparently motionless for almost five minutes. Then suddenly it appeared to "flip" in a peculiar manner and simply vanished. But even having actually seen one of the incredible things I was still not greatly interested. My personal opinion was that they were secret technical developments of our Government.

Then in June 1953 the first of an amazing chain of events occurred. A stranger phoned me from Los Angeles. He identified himself only as "Bill." He stated that he had come down here from "a region near Seattle" especially to talk with me. He mentioned in particular a recently published article of mine (THE SECRET WISDOM BEHIND THE GREAT RELIGIONS — *Fate*, May, 1953).

I endeavored to dissuade him from making the trip out here to Santa Monica, but failed. Finally,

I agreed to meet him at the bus stop at 20th and Santa Monica Boulevard at 6:00 P. M. the following day.

At about 5:50 I parked my car directly across the street from the bus stop where I had a clear, unobstructed view in all directions. The 6:00 o'clock red bus from Los Angeles zoomed past without stopping. I watched it disappear down Santa Monica Boulevard.

Just to make certain "Bill" hadn't arrived on an earlier bus, I got out of my car, walked to the intersection and looked in every direction. But the streets were absolutely deserted.

I had just turned to get back into my car when I heard someone call my name. Startled, I looked back and saw a man standing at the bus stop, waving his hand in greeting.

I was dumbfounded! An instant before the streets had been absolutely deserted. Bewildered, I saw him approach the car, smiling. He introduced himself saying, "I'm Bill—the fellow who phoned you last night from Los Angeles."

We shook hands and I recall being aware of the peculiar feel of his hand—as though it were without any underlying bone structure.

"I can't quite figure it out," I replied. "The Los Angeles bus passed this stop without even slowing down. A few seconds ago you were nowhere in sight. How in the name of Heaven did you get here?"

"Oh, I came from up the street," he replied vaguely. I didn't press him further, but his reply certainly didn't satisfy me. For I knew he couldn't have come from "up the street", for I could see for blocks in all directions while I was out of my car.

We drove to my apartment a short distance away. I didn't say much, but he talked at random of his impressions of Southern California.

When we were seated in lounge chairs in the living room, I made a few mental notes. He was about six feet tall or slightly over and appeared to be about twenty-eight years old. His eyes were dark—almost black, and his hair black and wavy. He was dressed in ill-fitting sport clothes in which he didn't seem to be very comfortable. A casual observer would certainly not be startled by his appearance. In a crowd he would pass as a rather unusual appearing person.

But as I studied him more closely while he talked, I was aware of certain strange characteristics in his physical appearance. His skin was exceptionally white—so white in fact that it appeared to have an odd bluish tinge. His cheek bones were unusually high and his

eyes and brows had a peculiar Oriental cast. Yet in no way did he resemble a true Oriental. And I noticed that his ears were oddly pointed and appeared to be more delicate and complex than any I had ever seen.

I recalled how odd his hand had felt in my grasp. Looking at his hands, I noticed that his fingers were long and tapering and so smooth that they seemed to be without joints or underlying bone structure.

He spoke slowly and clearly with no trace of an accent, but he seemed to be choosing his words with great care. I noticed too that his voice had a peculiar resonant quality.

As I mentioned earlier, I've always been something of a skeptic. I have met swamis, yogis, mediums, clairvoyants, mystics and self-styled messiahs by the score, but I have never been duped by any of them, even those who were sincere but self-deceived. Also, I have met several persons whom I know without any doubt to be true spiritual adepts; even as I have known several sensitives, or mediums, who are honest, sincere and able to produce authentic para-normal phenomena. From years of research and experience in occult and psychic phenomena I now can usually discern the true from the false almost at a glance.

But my strange visitor had me deeply puzzled from the moment I first met him. HE WAS LIKE NO PERSON I HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED BEFORE! Perhaps ESP entered into my awareness of his strange psychic and spiritual qualities. In his presence I was immediately acutely conscious of a completely foreign and heretofore unknown vibration. I didn't know who he was, but I did know *my visitor was no ordinary man!*

We had been more or less making conversation on subjects of general interest up to this point when he turned and abruptly asked, "Did you ever hear of Orfeo Angelucci?"

After a moment's reflection, I replied, "No, I'm sure I haven't,"

"Angelucci is living in Los Angeles," he explained. "Recently he has had a most unusual experience—he is the first earthling ever to make a trip into outer space in what is popularly known as a flying saucer."

At first I wondered if he was joking, but it was obvious he wasn't. "I don't believe I understand," I replied dubiously. "The actual existence of flying saucers certainly hasn't been authenticated —now you tell me a human being has traveled in one."

He half smiled. "Oh, I'm not a fugitive from a psycho ward," he replied as though answering the sudden doubt in my mind. "And neither is Angelucci, although some people consider him psychoneurotic since he has started telling of his experiences with the saucers."

"You mean you believe this Angelucci actually has traveled in a flying saucer?"

"Yes, I can affirm that he has," he continued. "But Orfeo needs help now! That's the primary reason THEY sent me. To request that you aid him in telling his experiences to more people. THEY are well aware of your deep interest and unusal experiences in the field of metaphysics, religions and the supra-normal.

I made no reply. But I pondered his strange words and studied his face intently. His absolute honesty and his sincerity were apparent. Also, I was again acutely conscious of that unearthly awareness about him. At last I said slowly, "You speak of a mysterious THEY—may I ask who are THEY?"

His eyes held a detached, faraway look as he replied, "In the brief time we have known each other you have realized many things about me. Actually, none of that information was gained from our conversation. I shall not now verbally reveal to you my true identity, or the identity of those who sent me—for you would doubt me. But I promise that before I leave tonight you'll know who I am and also who THEY are."

As I listened to his portentous words indicating that he had telepathically read all that was in my mind, I recalled previous meetings with several of earth's genuine adepts. I remember how they too had revealed their true identity to me in utter silence. Realization of their true spiritual status had to be gained entirely through extra-sensory-perception, or not at all. Words later served only to verify the para-normal communication. Thus I knew that the man who openly proclaims himself an adept, a master, or a guru, usually is not one, while the true spiritual adept goes unknown, often in humble garb.

As these thoughts passed through my mind, I saw a peculiar change come over "Bill" His body appeared to grow rigid; his expressive eyes dulled, as though his body had suddenly become an empty shell. It was at that moment the incredible knowledge came to me in a flash of intuitive understanding — I knew with absolute certainty that my visitor was not of this earth—BUT A BE-

ING FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

An icy shiver ran down my spine. I felt my muscles tense. My conscious mind recoiled with a kind of psychic shock! So bizarre—so fantastic—so wholly unanticipated was the revelation that I could not immediately adjust to it.

Silence, like a tangible thing, hung in the room between us! As in a daze, I saw the animation coming back into his face. Then he looked directly at me and smiled warmly. As my eyes met his I felt a deep bond of friendship and understanding that seemed to reach out across millions of miles and somehow touch an unknown world. Intuitively the realization came to me that here indeed was a man from another world—but certainly he was no stranger! Rather, a fellow being—the spark of light that lighted my being burned more brightly within him. In the moment of revelation I knew he was a much wiser, gentler and more highly evolved being than I —and with infinitely greater perceptive ability—but basically I RECOGNIZED HIM AS A SPIRITUAL BROTHER! And beyond that nothing else was of much essential importance.

He closed his eyes and rested his head on the back of the chair as he said quietly, "Brother of earth, tell me all your troubles—they are really not nearly so serious as they appeared to you today."

A feeling of awe passed over me as I recognized again his supranormal abilities. And in the light of his understanding the problems that had worried me for weeks seemed suddenly to be petty, trivial and a little absurd.

After a moment's silence, he said, "Now you KNOW who I am with a deep inner conviction that no words on earth could ever give you. Also, you realize too that THEY who sent me are far wiser than I who am but their INTERMEDIARY."

"Yes," I said slowly, "I believe I comprehend." But even as I spoke the words my conscious mind couldn't quite grasp the tenuous, new understanding that had come to me. After a moment I added, "I would never have dreamed a meeting between planetary strangers could be like this. Actually, the thing that surprises me most of all is a most simple thing—the strong feeling of kinship . of mutual and basic understanding between us."

"Yes," he agreed in a low voice. "It is the same throughout the cosmos—no matter what the material objectification or etheric individualization, the spark of eternal being is always identical. For all

are essentially one and a part of the infinite and everlasting spiritual fire which is the Father."

As the psychic shock gradually diminished, thousands of questions teemed in my mind—questions about his world, its civilization—the flying saucers—their purpose here . . ? But I realized that he would impart what information he wished me to have on those subjects. When I spoke again, I said, "This man Orfeo Angelucci, you mentioned—does he know you?"

"I've met him briefly only once. But if you'll allow me to use your telephone I'll call him and arrange for you to meet him and hear his story."

With that he phoned Angelucci and set a time for me to visit him at his home on Glendale Boulevard later in the week. Following the phone call "Bill" talked freely about many things that were puzzling me. He stated that the extra-terrestrials who had contacted Orfeo were extra-dimensional, etheric beings of a high spiritual order. He stated definitely that was not one of THEM.

He explained that the Venusians from our neighboring planet were of a more material evolution; that though they differed from us in certain basic physiological principals, still many Venusians could pass for earthlings. He also mentioned that our present theories concerning the atmosphere and surface conditions of the planet Venus were entirely erroneous.

He stressed the idea of reincarnation and the inevitable law of compensation as regards the inhabitants of earth. I recall in particular an illustration he used that startled me. He said that to the etheric beings who have evolved far beyond the infantile perceptive states of form, color, sex, conflict, time, space and material illusion, which is the present erroneous state of earthlings, our planet is comparable to a huge vat of broth for production of penicillin. To the senses of man such a vat is a rather ill-smelling, offensive thing, but nevertheless it produces the precious golden-colored penicillin. He said the vat is comparable to earth and its peoples while the comparatively few spiritually evolved souls of this Age represent the precious golden product of the vat. Eventually, however, every human being upon earth will evolve into the higher consciousness.

Later, he gave the names, addresses and telephone numbers of over a dozen persons in the Southern California area. Some of these persons, he asserted, had been contacted by space visitors in various ways, while others would aid

in piecing together the confounding puzzle of the saucers. He said numerous Venusian contacts had been made with earthlings by means of "ham" radio sets and tape recordings (he furnished names and addresses). Other contacts, he declared, had been established through sensitives, or mediums, by means of clairvoyance and clairaudience. He also gave me the names of persons who had met and talked with extra-terrestrials.

When I asked him why the necessity for secrecy and mystery surrounding contacts, he replied, "At this time it is the only possible way. Also, we are to a great extent under the direction of the Etherics—the Great Ones who contacted Orfeo. Earth's people are woefully emotionally immature and their prison-like three-dimensional world is preponderantly false, as compared to reality. Men's minds are crystallized in error and filled with violent prejudices. Upon your earth the mere color of one's skin—a slight difference of religious belief—merely belonging to a different race or country—in fact, the most trivial deviations precipitate animalistic belligerancies, hideous brutalities and the bloody slaughter of millions of fellow creatures.

"Can you then truly be surprised when I tell you that the beings of certain other worlds view earth as earthlings might look upon a den of deadly serpents stinging each other to death. Much of that stinging is done with words, attitudes, discriminations, intolerances and a host of other lethal psychic weapons. Mankind's greatest Teacher—the etheric Sun-Spirit, whom you know as Jesus Christ —who took upon himself the error of humanity to teach men simply to LOVE ONE ANOTHER—was crucified and tortured by those He came to save. And yet today men self-righteously demand that Etherics land their craft openly at one of your airports. But like children you are learning—slowly and painfully. Eventually ALL will attain their lost heritage. In the meantime we will help insofar as we are permitted to do so."

I sighed and bowed my head as I said slowly, "What you say is probably only too true—but believe me, man's lot is not easy. Imprisoned in error as we are, ruled by our animalistic emotions, and living in uncertainty and insecurity with death and decay as our final material conquerors, it is difficult indeed to rise above the animal-man and attain any true realization of spiritual reality."

He nodded his head as he replied in a deeply sympathetic voice,

"Yes, we understand, earth, the planet of sorrows, is one of the hardest and most difficult paths of evolution in the entire cosmos. And to make it even more severe mankind must work out their own salvation—this is the Law."

There was a pause as I pondered his words. Then he abruptly changed the subject. "After I leave you, you may begin to doubt much of what has passed between us," he continued. "Therefore I want you to contact the persons whose names and addresses I have given you. In particular I want you to get in touch with a newspaper reporter on a large Los Angeles daily (he gave me the name of the newspaper reporter, the name of his newspaper and two telephone numbers where he might be reached. But as the reporter has since requested that I not use his name or the name of his newspaper, I will refer to him as Max Morton and his newspaper as the Los Angeles World). "This reporter, Max Morton," he went on, "has been contacted by two Venusians—and from an earthly factual standpoint his contact is highly significant."

"But, I don't quite understand," I remonstrated. "Why didn't the Los Angeles World print Morton's story? I'd think it would rate headlines around the world."

"Bill" smiled. "The reporter and his associates still can't quite convince themselves that the whole thing isn't a big hoax of some sort. They have factual proof of something highly extraordinary in the metal plate, but they're still dubious as the idea of space visitors is a rather touchy subject now."

I promised to phone Max Morton the following day.

At about 10:30 that night I drove "Bill" to the bus stop and watched him board a Los Angeles bound bus. He said he was leaving the following day for the North, but promised to see me again after my story of Angelucci's experiences appeared in print.

Later, I contacted Max Morton at the Los Angeles World as I was eager to hear what he had to say about the two Venusians. In brief, here is the fantastic, but true story he gave me:

In February, 1953, a strange-appearing man, dressed in a tweed suit, came into the newspaper office. He told the receptionist that he was from the planet Venus and stated that he wished to see the City Editor. She, of course, thinking it was a gag, rang the City Editor and quipped, "A man just dropped in from the planet Venus to see you."

"Oh yeah," remarked the harrassed editor. "I'm busy. Let Max

Morton talk to him. He's interested in characters."

The receptionist, still certain it all was a huge joke, sent the "character" into the press room to see Max Morton.

I asked Max for a description of the person, and the minute description he gave tallied in every detail with the mysterious "Bill" who had visited me.

Max said the fellow had looked at him with a serious face and stated in a forthright and direct manner that he was from the planet Venus. But as a more or less hard-boiled reporter, Max was familiar with screw-balls and was not too surprised—as he frequently met "Napoleons", Peter the Greats, etc. In reply he made some wise-crack.

With that the Venusian ran his thumb nail lightly across Morton's desk. Genuinely startled, Max saw that the glazed, hard surface of his desk was gashed to the depth of about half an inch.

He began to wonder about the fellow and attempted to duplicate the feat. But, he declared, he couldn't even make a slight dent in the desk top. He was puzzled, but still thought it was just some trick the odd-ball had learned.

With slight urging the fellow commenced talking about himself. Briefly, his story was that he and a companion had arrived on this planet in a flying saucer. They landed their craft in the desert near Barstow, California and concealed it there. In Barstow they were able to get some old clothes and hitch-hiked into Los Angeles.

Max, still sure it was all a hoax being perpetrated on him, jokingly asked them how they learned our language. The Venusian replied that the inhabitants of his planet monitored our radio and television broadcasts and thus had easily learned our languages and customs. He said that he and his companion had come here specifically to study earthlings at close range and to gain a better understanding of our minds and thought processes.

The reporter was by no means convinced that the fellow was anything but a crackpot, but he was getting curious. When he had to leave for an appointment at the Court House, he agreed to see the "Venusian" and his companion the following day.

When the fellow arrived the following afternoon he had his companion with him. Max said the second one appeared to be almost an identical twin of the first.

In the meantime, Max had procured a heavy plate of the hardest alloyed steel. He suggested that the Venusian attempt to mark

the metal as he had the desk surface. With apparently no effort the fellow ran his thumb lightly across the steel. Dumbfounded, Max saw that the metal was gouged across its entire surface in a streak over half an inch deep.

Max was beginning to feel rather uneasy, but was certainly not convinced the fellows actually were "Venusians".

Both of them stuck firmly to their story, however, and later requested Max to help them get jobs in Los Angeles. They said they were without funds and found they couldn't get around here without money.

Max skeptically agreed to see what he could do.

Through a friend in the newspaper's Department of Investigation he was able to get the first one a job in that department. But he made the fellow promise to keep his identity secret. Hence only three persons on the newspaper's staff knew who the Venusian really was—or claimed to be!

The fellow worked for several weeks in the Missing Persons office and succeeded in astounding all of his co-workers with his baffling and amazing abilities. Max declared the so-called Venusian could locate missing persons within an hour in cases that had baffled their best investigators for months.

In fact Max was beginning seriously to wonder if the Venusian might actually be telling the truth. For it was obvious to everyone that the fellow possessed incredible extra-sensory perception. Max talked with him and asked the Venusian for permission to write an article about him for publication in a magazine. But the Venusian steadfastly refused; in fact he said he and his companion wanted no publicity whatsoever as it would negate the true purpose of their visit here.

Nevertheless Max went to work on an article about them. But before it was completed the Venusian and his companion suddenly disappeared. Investigators have not been able to find any trace of them since.

Max said a full report was given to the F.B.I. along with an analysis report of the piece of gouged steel.

The report, by one of the foremost laboratories in Los Angeles, states that the mark gouged in the steel plate would require pressure of over 1700 pounds to produce. Further, that such pressure exerted by any known force would shatter that particular type of metal before marking it. Even more startling, THE ANALYSIS OF THE INDENTATION REVEAL-

ED THE PRESENCE OF OVER A DOZEN ELEMENTS NOT PRESENT IN THE REST OF THE METAL.

Max says he is now convinced the two strange fellows actually were from the planet Venus. He declared that neither of them appeared to have any earthly knowledge except what could be gleaned from our television and radio broadcasts.

He told me his article about the two Venusians would appear in a foremost national magazine this year. In the meantime, he requested that I refrain from giving his name or the name of his newspaper; otherwise, he gave me full permission to write this account. (The true identity of "Max Morton" and his Los Angeles newspaper have been given by me to the editor of this magazine and have been verified by him.)

After my talk with Max there was certainly no longer any doubt in my mind but that "Bill," my strange visitor, was also a Venusian. He had indicated to me that he was from another planet, but he did not state which one; also he had stated that he was not of the high spiritual order of Etherics who had contacted Orfeo. But the physical description of the two Venusians, as given to me by Max,, was similar in every detail with the physical appearance of "Bill".

Several days later I met Orfeo Angelucci and made plans for writing an account of his incredible experiences with the space visitors. (This article appeared under the title I TRAVELED IN A FLYING SAUCER, in the November 1953 issue of MYSTIC magazine.)

I asked both Orfeo and Mrs. Mabel Angelucci, his wife, about the mysterious stranger "Bill" who had arranged our meeting.

Mrs. Angelucci spoke up quickly and said, "Oh, that man gave me the creeps. He rang the doorbell one day and introduced himself with an odd name I can't remember. He seemed to know everything about us. It frightened me—there was something so strange and downright weird about him."

In the last several months I have met and talked with others whose names and addresses "Bill" gave me. Several of these had met him only briefly. Others didn't even know who he was and were startled to learn of the data he had given me about them in connection with the saucers.

True to his promise, "Bill" visited me following publication of the Angelucci article in MYSTIC magazine. Our visit was brief, but he told me THEY were well pleased with the general reaction to the

piece. Also, that everything was developing as anticipated, but that it would require considerable time and the efforts, understandings and experiences of many persons before earthlings would be able to attain even the haziest understanding of the true nature of extra-terrestrials and the saucers.

In addition to Orfeo Angelucci, he mentioned in particular the work of George Van Tassel, Meade Layne, Donald Keyhoe, William Pelley, Ray Palmer, E. L. Gardner (The Theosophical Approach), Max Miller, Desmond Leslie and Criswell. A few others, he stated, had been carried away by their own burning enthusiasm and had literally "made mountains out of a mole hill" Nevertheless, in the overall picture their work too would prove generally helpful.

Before we parted he asked that I re-read the book, A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS, by Phylos. I have the book open before me now and this is the prophetic passage that meets my eye: "But as the Poseid age was stricken, this one must also be which has just passed. Shall America, *together with the rest of the entire world,* meet similar woe? Alas, worse, though not by water—but by fire! Shall all be wiped out of existence, leaving a planet in ruins? Unto the end of coming into full obedience with the harmony of divine law shall the lash be applied; words may not portray the scenes. This is the message of the END OF THE AGE."

Thus I have endeavored to give you details of my unearthly experiences with an individual I have every reason to believe may be from another world. In pondering the matter over in my mind, I have come to the conclusion that he was doubtless more or less "playing a role" here as I sincerely believe the two Venusians were who contacted the Los Angeles newspaper reporter.

In other words, they undoubtedly presented themselves to us in a manner that we with our lower perceptive abilities might understand and interpret according to our limited three-dimensional standards. It is my understanding that as of this date twenty-four Venusians are in our cities mingling with our people—in practically all cases they are *unknown and undetected.*

Undoubtedly with time and the testimony of more persons concerning their experiences with extra-terrestrial, we will be able to gain a clearer understanding of these much more highly evolved and intelligent beings—WHO ARE HERE ON A MISSION OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE!

—e n d—

EDITORIAL . . .

(*Continued from Page 7*)

ing down and rendering the brain, the tool of thought, less able to perform its function. So, actually, what we mean by our principle is "freedom of experience". Freedom to learn how to think, how to apply the laws of moral behavior to our acts, freedom to experience the results of both thoughtful and thoughtless action (and in this last category we include the action of suggestion, the action engendered by propaganda, by hypnotism, by exposure to falsehood and trickery).

Back of all this freedom to experience is the right to acquire the experiences of others undefiled by "processing" When you read your newspaper, listen to your radio, watch your television, you are receiving "processed" news. Each of these sources obtains its material over three major news services, and each of these news services receives an enormous mass of news each day. This mass of news is impossible to transmit *in toto,* so it is disseminated by "selection". This selection is by *one* or *two* key men whose job it is to put the "most interesting and most pertinent" news on the wires. The rest of the news then becomes a discarded strip of yellow paper in a wastebasket and the world never hears of it. The "most interesting and most pertinent" news is a very cut-and-dried affair. It consists of a "pattern" which you can note by listening to a few broadcasts. There is the customary "human interest" story; an "oddity in the news"; "the weather"; a "puff" for some important person (a catering to favor, usually); and a number of other things which are fed to you every day in almost the identical words. The political aspect of the news is carefully screened, and anything that gets by that isn't in "line" is promptly "covered up" by counter-statements, blind herrings and "diversions" But mainly, the news is 100 per cent propaganda (we say 100 per cent because the items mentioned before are "stock stuff" and actually a "bonus" on the news; you'd get it *anyway,* even if there was no news). And today the propaganda is directed almost entirely one way: the titanic struggle between —not communism and democracy —but between power groups fighting for total power, for total dominance. The question of whether or not either group will be a beneficial dominance or enslavement is not a question that comes under the heading, one way or the other, of "freedom of experience", because no matter who wins, the re-

(*Continued on Page 79*)

STRANGE CHILDREN

By

Millicent X. Horton

Have you ever observed a child apparently talking to someone you yourself can't see?

DURING the past decade there has been a steady flow of information received through supernormal sources, dealing with the part youth will play in the period of reconstruction which will eventually follow our present tragic state of world unrest. The material received states that many children being born at this time and other young ones already in physical manifestation, are advanced souls who have chosen incarnation at this critical period to be ready to take over the spiritual leadership of what remains of the present civilization after the final adjustments are made. Their service to usher in that long period of peace is fore-told in the Bible and identified by students of Truth as *"The Aquarian Age."*

Because of the repeated insistence from many occult sources that this is in accord with the Divine Plan for mankind at this stage in our evolution I have been impressed with unusual incidents concerning children which have been brought to my attention. People

The editors of MYSTIC feel that this article will evoke a storm of controversy between those who believe in reincarnation, and those who do not; between those who believe some of us have "missions" on earth, and those who do not. But the fact remains that there are people who have these strange "flashes" and that they are particularly common among children. In this article Miss Horton gives us her views, and we present them with no further comment. But we suggest that interested readers respond to her via the Seance Circle. Perhaps we can give some answers?

conversant with esoteric thinking are cognizant of the fact that many children carry over into each life-experience certain memories of previous physical existences of which they are more or less conscious, until they reach the age of approximately seven years. This is especially true if the experiences have been of a violent or soul-searing nature. One reason a child loses this inherent ability to "tune-in" with the akashic record of the past is because of the deplorable lack of understanding on the part of his elders to try to set the pattern of his thinking. Fortunate indeed, is the child who dwells in an atmosphere of enlightenment among people who appreciate this gift of memory and cultivate it without making him feel that he is in any way unusual or "queer." Such understanding helps him retain his spiritual link with the Source of all wisdom. In the present day however, he is more apt to be met with the attitude that the experiences he recounts are either tales woven by a too active imagination or, what is far more serious for his future development, actual falsehoods for which he is punished. He resents this injustice for he *does* at times have "flashbacks" when he re-lives incidents in the past while at others he sees the presence of members of the outer world, whether they be true denizens of non-physical bodies—such as spirit-playmates—or the projections of beings still in physical manifestation who, due to some special cause perhaps severe illness, demonstrate astral flight. Repeated rebuffs administered by his elders eventually stifle a sensitive child's ability to contact his higher self and robs him of his God-given right to obtain help in a time of need.

A particularly interesting incident was brought to my attention. A young friend of mine, Mrs. Walter Konigin of New York City told me of the following experience which occurred on Friday afternoon June 22, 1945 in the Long Island home of her brother Emil Komuves. At this time the Komuveses had two small girls, June age three and Carole age two. Their mother's mother, a seventy-nine-year-old lady of whom both children were very fond, was seriously ill in a hospital in the Bronx. Ethel, another daughter of this lady happened to be a nurse in this hospital and on this Friday afternoon after she came off duty she paid her mother a visit.

After straightening up the pillows and asking if she wanted anything Ethel was surprised to be informed by the old lady that she had just returned from a trip to visit her grandchildren in their

Long Island home. Naturally thinking that the patient was "wandering," the nurse to humor her asked what she had done while she was there and was further amused by the response, "Oh I went round tidying up the place a bit and little June told me not to work so hard . . that I was sick and should take it easy. But you know, Ethel, a funny thing happened, June led me into the kitchen by the hand and wanted me to get her a glass of water. She was right put out too because I couldn't seem to get it for her. Then I went out on the sunporch to see baby Carole and she begged for me to pick her up. I tried to do that too, but I guess I was too weak for I didn't manage it."

The nurse dismissed the incident from her mind until the following Sunday when she was present when the mother of the children came to visit the patient and during the visit said, "Ethel, do you know I think the kids have gone crazy." The nurse knowing that they were active youngsters always up to something, smiled tolerantly and waited for their mother to continue.

"Do you know that last Friday afternoon they said and did the strangest things that they kind of scared me."

"What sort of things?"

"Well, when I brought them home from shopping June tore into the living room as she usually does then stopped short and cried 'Oh, hello, Grandma! Why are you working so hard? You should take it easy the doctor says. . . you know you're sick!"

"I ran in after her thinking for a second that by some miracle Mother had been brought back home, but of course the child was just playing talking to amuse herself. I was mad as could be for her giving me such a shock. The next thing I knew she was walking into the kitchen as if someone had her by the hand. I could hear her talking away at a great rate and when I went to ask her what she wanted she said, 'I wasn't talking to you. . . I was asking Grandma for a drink but she won't give it to me.' By this time I was good and annoyed at her foolishness and said, 'Don't be silly you *know* your grandmother is sick in the hospital in New York.'

"She just looked at me puzzled-like and stamping her foot *insisted* defiantly, 'Her *is* here! Her *is* here!' and she only let up when I told her if she didn't stop her nonsense and telling those lies I'd spank her. If that wasn't enough then I heard Carole out on the sunporch saying, 'Up! Up!' and then real cross, 'Grandma UP!' I tiptoed out wondering who on earth

the baby could be talking to and there she was standing before the daybed with her arms outstretched and her face all puckered up ready to cry and nobody was there. I can't for the life of me figure out what got into those kids that day!"

At this point Ethel interrupted, "That's a strange coincidence. . Friday afternoon when I went off duty I stopped in to see Ma and she told me she had just paid you a visit and that the kids acted just like you just said." Of one accord both daughters turned to the old lady in her bed close by and were greeted with a most amused expression in her eyes and around her mouth, as if she could tell a lot more if she chose to do so.

Perhaps these young children are two of the advance guard of "old souls" who are with us having come into physical manifestation with the sixth sense—occult power—well developed.

This incident recalled to my mind a strange "flash-back" which the son of a veteran of World War I experienced. For a brief moment the boy "remembered back" to a former life with tragic clearness. This boy was born in April 1927 and on June 2, 1930 when the Graf Zeppelin made the first tour over New York City his parents took him in an open roadster to a spot on Riverside Drive to view it. The huge silver monster sailed lazily overhead, sending forth brilliant flashes as the sunlight caught its burnished surface. The child was standing up in his mother's lap and holding the back of the seat for support as he gravely watched the Zeppelin's course. As it sailed quite close to their location it disappeared for a few seconds behind a heavy bank of clouds, then reappeared *directly* overhead.

Simultaneously his parents were amazed to see his sturdy little body suddenly stiffen and as he turned around to face them, his face distorted, the words tumbling out of his lips with dramatic force. His voice was not the baby voice they were accustomed to hearing, but a strange, strained voice of a man in the throes of agony. They literally held their breaths actually frozen by the terrific emotion conveyed by the tone.

"Daddy! Daddy! Promise me you will *never, never* go up in a 'plane.' I was shot down by a 'Jerry' in one of those. I was flying a 'plane' and he came out of the clouds unexpectedly over my head just like that one and got my 'boat' I was hit in my throat here (and he indicated the juglar vein) and it finished me! Daddy! Daddy! . promise me you will never, NEVER go up!"

By this time the shining men-

ace had passed over and as if this broke the mystic connection with the past his tiny body relaxed in his mother's arms and he was again the baby staring with childish interest at the Zeppelin. As one could imagine this experience left his parents shaken. Fortunately, however, they were students of metaphysics and understood that the sight of the flashing monster suddenly coming out of the clouds overhead apparently just as it had swooped down upon him when he was shot down, could very well have formed some psychic link which for that breathless moment opened the door of the past to him.

In the years that followed they made no mention of this incident but as he grew up they were interested in watching how anything concerned with planes or flying held a strong attraction for him. On occasion he would make amazing comments and keen observations and at such times his voice would take on an authoritative tone quite unlike his habitual manner of speech. A number of times, to see what his reaction would be, his father challenged him with, "What makes you make a statement like that? How could you possibly know that such is the case?"

The boy would start to reply then a strange, puzzled expression would spread over his face and he would say rather sheepishly, "Gee, Dad, to tell you the truth I don't really know how *could* I, yet I certainly felt for a second that I knew what I was talking about. In fact I have always had the feeling that I could take up a ———— (and he named a British make plane used in the first World War) and be able to handle it perfectly."

The intense interest in flying continued and when he was graduated from high school during World War II he immediately enlisted in the Air Force. It is interesting to note that he showed such exceptional ability that much to his dismay he was held in the United States to train flyers instead of being sent overseas for active duty.

In closing I should like to recount an incident which demonstrates how wisely one mother guided her son in making a decision for himself which I believe will influence his entire life.

At the time in question this lady was a librarian and her son was attending junior high school. He was planning to enter a specialized field and his program included much science. One evening after completing his assignments for the next day he quietly addressed

his mother with these startling words, "Mother, I think it is only right that I should tell you that I do not believe in God anymore. There is no such thing as a 'divine Being.' All that stuff is just superstition used to control the ignorant."

His mother concealed her sense of profound shock and asked unemotionally, "What evidence caused you to come to this conclusion?"

"Oh, it is the result of a direct line of thought," he said. "Our science teacher says that an educated person does not accept anything as true unless it has been proven scientifically. She says religion is not intellectual and is therefore superstition for you certainly can't prove scientifically that God exists. That is why I don't believe in Him anymore."

With an effort the mother retained her grip on herself and inwardly sent out a call that the right words would flow from her lips for she felt that her handling of this situation could in a large measure determine the trend of her son's life at this impressionable age. In a moment she heard herself saying, "Well let's see I was about your age when I was very puzzled about something and I invented sort of a game and it worked so wonderfully in helping me to clear up my thinking that I have never ceased to use it when the need arises. Will you try something for me?"

"Why of course Mother, if you wish."

"Then take my Bible and open to any place you choose and put your finger on a verse and let us see what it happens to be."

The idea struck the boy's fancy and he took the well-worn volume in his hands and held it for a few moments while his mother again sent out her mental plea for help. Finally he opened it and his finger came to rest on a verse. As he read in silence she saw his body become alert and a look of incredulous awe come into his face and he at last read these words aloud, "Psalms XIV Verse 1, THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART *THERE IS NO GOD.*"

I am convinced that there are many who feel as I do that every effort should be made to foster and gently fan into a steady flame these small sparks of Divine Fire discovered burning within the hearts of children of today. This is our one hope of nurturing the inspired vision which must be developed if the world is to be spared the ultimate fate of the ancient civilizations of Lemuria and Atlantis.

THE END

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

By

Sanandana Kumara

This story is one we want you to read very very carefully indeed! Sanandana Kumara has written a story with reincarnation as its main theme and karma as its secondary theme. However, buried between the lines he has placed some very intriguing information. As you read, you may find that it is difficult going, that it is sometimes confusing. This is done deliberately! It is done because this is a story you should read again and again! We know that you are not the average reader, but one much more clever in grasping the true meaning of what you read. Therefore, we did not try to "write down" to you, but "played it straight," right from the shoulder. Of course it is difficult to grasp so complex a theory as is presented in this story, but that you will grasp it we are sure. If, after several readings, you have not learned or even suspected what Sanandana Kumara is trying to tell you, perhaps there is nothing there for you. If there is, it may be the most important single concept you have ever received concerning reincarnation. Speaking of this story from a literary viewpoint, the editors feel that here is one of the fine stories of the day. It has a subtle theme which develops through a complex web toward one of the most smashing conclusions we have ever read. It is the sort of conclusion which leaves you with that sudden feeling that you have had a "revelation," and gives you a touch of exalted awe. Perhaps, when you have read this story, you will not agree that the message Sanandana Kumara has to give you is entirely one of reincarnation and karma. You will be right!

"IT was hot that day—over a hundred. George Willet was going to make a speech after—"

"No, John, it was Fred Mallory. George wasn't even there."

"I'm quite sure, Beth, that it was George. Fred was in New York."

"No, John. It was the next year that Fred went to New York."

I lifted an eyebrow at Louise as a signal for us to leave pretty soon. The Bakers were well into one of their tedious reminiscences. Louise smiled sympathetically at me.

"You're confused, Beth," John Baker said carefully. "Fred went to New York two weeks before that. He and I had lunch together before he left, and we talked about the meeting and were also discussing George Willet and the fact that he was going to speak."

Beth Baker turned to me. "You were there, Paul," she said. "Wasn't it Fred who—"

How can I portray the abrupt smoothness of the complete transition? In a movie the scene changes abruptly, you look at the new action, and after a moment know what is going on. It was far more complete than that. An abrupt and complete change of emotions as well as scene, of bodily condition, of everything imaginable. I had been too full from the meal Beth Baker had served us. I had been bored by the cultivated quarrel she and John were engaged in over the accuracy of their respective memories. I had been slightly restless. Then, in the twinkling of an eye—

"—made that speech?" Beth finished her sentence.

A part of my mind knew that she had not paused at all. Another part of my mind was as certain that days had passed while my body, and Louise and Beth and John, *and time itself,* in this room, remained frozen!

"Well, ah " I stalled.

Three weeks! During the natural hesitation between two spoken words I had lived three weeks—strange, terrible weeks—two thousand miles from this room, and—how many years in time? What year was this? I couldn't recall, with Beth looking at me, waiting for me to back her up in her argument with John.

But I knew the year, and the day and almost the very second at which I had plunged so completely into the future. May first. May Day, nineteen sixty. A few minutes after nine in the morning.

The terrible glare was still coming through the window. At first I thought I was still back with George and Beth. Abruptly my

viewpoint switched and I was thinking, "Strange, that I should think of George and Beth and their silly arguments at a time like this!"

In the twinkling of an eye the transition was complete. I knew almost instinctively what the terrible light meant even as it shut off, leaving the window seemingly black with phantom squares of light partly superimposed upon it. "Louise!" I shouted. I leaped from my chair, overturning it, and ran toward the kitchen. As I reached the doorway the earthquake came.

"Paul!" Louise screamed. She had a stack of plates in her hands, and was trying to hold onto them and keep her balance. I leaped toward her. The dishes crashed to the floor. Then we were holding onto each other, heading toward the back door, our only thought to get out into the open where we couldn't be crushed if the house collapsed.

The earthquake lessened to a quiver. A rumble as of a thousand subway trains became audible. We reached the door and stumbled down the back steps and away from the house. The ground underfoot was shaking in spasmodic quivers like a dying animal.

A sound in the air approached us from the northwest—the high whistling of a wind. "Flat on the ground!" I shouted, pushing Louise down and sprawling over her to protect her.

The air remained still and motionless. The whistling sound of a great wind passed over us and died away in the east. The rumbling in the ground stopped.

Shakily Louise and I got to our feet, and turned toward the northwest, the direction of Seattle. Why should it seem so strange for Seattle to be there, just over the mountains? It had been there for five years, ever since Louise and I moved out here from Chicago!

But Seattle wouldn't be there any more. Not now. The mushroom cloud, higher than the Cascades, told what we already knew. World War III had started—undeclared.

Louise spoke through chattering teeth. "That was an H bomb, Paul," she said.

"And you know what we're to do," I said. "They've drilled it into us at Grange often enough. All of us. Get out those boxes and start loading them with food while I fill the gas tank from the emergency tanks—and the other things I have to do."

"Yes, darling," Louise said, suddenly all business. She went back toward the house while I turned toward the garage.

As I reached the garage, its side became abruptly brighter. I jerked around toward the south and saw the flash ball. That was maybe, Portland, Oregon, a hundred and fifty miles to the south of us. Tacoma would be almost directly west, and Olympia wouldn't be worth a bomb except for the propaganda effect

Methodically I performed my emergency tasks, checking them off from memory. Tank full of gas, sleeping bags, fire extinguisher, ammo and gun flares, flashlights, water. I backed the car out, then, and parked it by the back porch. Louise was still inside.

May Day, 1960. I smiled wryly. Any fool should have guessed, and no one had even suspected! Probably the radar defense screen had been totally manned by infiltrated commies, too.

I jumped up the porch and into the kitchen. Louise had three cartons filled already. I carried one of them out Twenty minutes later we were edging out onto the highway among the hundreds of other cars. I recognized neighbors, friends. I didn't wave, nor did they. This business was too grim for formalities.

We all knew where we were going. A place already picked out where we could stand off an army. Big atom proof caves back under the mountain.

It was only eighty miles, but it took us until almost nightfall. A car would stop. Several more of us would stop and unload it, distributing its load and occupants among us, not bothering to find the trouble. We had to reach our destination. There we would be safe even from invading ground forces, until the government rescued us. Or were even the details of those plans known to the commy traitors in our midst? No matter. The invaders wouldn't want to destroy the entire population—only the cities and the industrial machine and the defense network.

A plane darted from somewhere. I could see the swath of fire from its machineguns come down the line toward me. I didn't slow down. The next instant the plane was gone. A second after that I heard the sound of an approaching jetplane, and knew it was the sound from the one that had already passed. A car three cars ahead of me swerved into the ditch. Several of us stopped and got out to help. It was Bill Jenson and his wife and three kids. Bill was wounded in the thigh. His little girl was dead. Their car would still run. "I'll drive it," I said. I looked toward Louise. She was pale, but she smiled bravely and nodded and got back into our car

behind the wheel.

There were sounds in the sky. I looked up before I climbed into the Jenson car. Some of our planes were out now, fighting the commies up there.

May Day, 1960. And our world had ended. I thought of the waterfront place in Seattle where Louise and I had often gone for shrimp dinners. I thought of her aunt Martha who lived—had lived in West Seattle.

Louise and our car was right ahead of us. It was after six o'clock when we pulled into the parking area. It was almost like going to a fair or a circus. Men with armbands of the Grange Captains directed us to where we should park. I leaned out the window and shouted about Bill and his dead little girl. The Grange captain blew his whistle. Six men with three stretchers came running from a hospital tent. Mrs. Jenson and her other girl and the little boy went with them. I parked the car. After that we all worked into the night, emptying the cars. I didn't see Louise until the next morning when I lined up with the other men to get some breakfast. Or was it just another meal? None of us had slept much. All during the night planes had passed overhead—terrifying winged monsters from some prehistoric age. And now and then the ground had trembled gently as though at the passing of land monsters. Once a sun rose briefly in the east, then cooled to invisibility. Had it been Spokane—or Grand Coulee Dam?

Once someone turned on a portable geiger counter near me, then shut it off and said, "To hell with that. No place to go, now." We all knew what he meant.

I had a couple of hours in my sleeping bag. I didn't sleep. I lay there and looked up at the unblinking stars and the blinking lights of planes—only it was blinking flashes from guns instead of lights. I thought of how familiar all this seemed—like I had been through it before.

Tomorrow I would—I couldn't remember what I would do, but somewhere in my mind the knowledge lay dormant. *Was I going to die?* It seemed like I was. I could see into the future only a little ways. Up there was a blank wall that I shied away from. Some kind of bottomless pit where there should be a valley.

But I would see Louise in the morning. She would be filling plastic cups with hot coffee. Her soul would leap at me from her eyes.

It did, too, in the cold gray light of dawn.

Then there was organization,

scouting patrols, rumors of rusky forces on the other side of the mountains coming this way. The children were kept in the caves with the supplies. The women cared for them and the men outside, but the three groups couldn't mix yet. Not until danger was over. I lost track of the days and nights. Some of the patrols didn't come back. The ruskies were getting close to us.

Sky battles were going on all the time. The radio remained dead. And one night I awakened just before I hit the ground. I was still in my sleeping bag. The ground shook so much I felt like a piece of popcorn in a skillet. The peak of the mountain was outlined in intense white. I knew suddenly what had happened. An enemy atom bomber had been downed just over the other side of the mountain and its bomb had gone off.

When the ground stopped moving I felt seasick. Half the men around me felt the same way. Some of them vomited. We huddled around the rest of the night. In the first light of dawn we started looking for our loved ones. I found Louise

Fifty of us went up the mountain that morning to see what had happened. We reached the crest of a ridge and looked down into what had been a valley. I had gone hunting down there two years ago. Now the valley was gone. In its place was a gaping , nightmarish hole, with no bottom.

In the crisp air I heard the staccato chatter of a machinegun. Mark Beamish, to the right of me, went down. I couldn't believe it. I lifted my submachinegun to my shoulder and looked across the rise toward the direction of the firing and saw a furtive uniformed figure dart from the concealment of some brush. I aimed at the man and perked the trigger down, and—

"—made that speech?" Beth finished her sentence.

A PART of my mind knew that she had not paused at all. Another part of my mind was as certain that hours must have passed while my body, and Louise and Beth and John, *and time itself,* in this room, remained frozen!

"Well, ah " I stalled.

I blinked, and the room blurred painfully.

Beth Baker turned to me. "You were there, Paul," she said, her every detail of expression horribly; horribly familiar. I held my breath. I glared at her, hating her. Oblivious of this she smiled her irritatingly intelligent smile. "Wasn't it Fred who—"

"PAUL Fairless!" I became aware of my surroundings with a guilty start. It was Miss Flournoy, my teacher, who had barked at me. Out of the corners of my eyes I saw that I was lined up with the other third grade students. In front of us was the blackboard, with columns of words written out. We had been taking turns spelling each word and telling what it meant.

To my left was Edith Kellum, and I was quite certain she hadn't spelled a word yet, so it wasn't my turn yet. Anyway, I didn't know which word, and wouldn't until Edith did hers.

"Edith Kellum hasn't had her turn yet," I said desperately.

"She — just — spelled — her — word," Miss Flournoy said ominously.

"I didn't hear her," I said stubbornly.

"Paul," Miss Flournoy said, "I'm getting sick and tired of you always daydreaming, your mind a thousand miles away. The rest of you go on with the spelling. Paul, you come with me."

But I hadn't been daydreaming. I was sure of it. It wasn't even Edith's turn. The turn was somewhere down the line a long ways. I was sure of it. I followed Miss Flournoy to her desk. She wrote out a note with a flourish, then handed it to me, folded. "Take this to Miss Boyd," she said grimly.

I left the room with the note and went down the hall with its varnished, creaking floor. Miss Boyd was the second grade teacher. I could guess what was in store for me.

Sure enough, when Miss Boyd read the note she assigned me a desk with the second graders. She gave me small cardboard letter squares. I was plunged into the task of arranging them into words.

The second graders around me took delight in being more skillful than I. Before the day was over I began to envision my Fate. I would be shoved down to the first grade. Maybe I would even be shoved down to not going to school yet! Then next fall I would have to start school all over again as a beginner!

But why was I plunged back here to when I was nine years old? A few moments ago I had been listening to Beth Baker! I had been thirty seven years old! And before that—I had been plunged into the future, to 1960! Now I was in—I did some mental arithmetic —I was in the year 1923! And it wasn't a dream, either. Nor memory. I looked around me at the second grade students. This was real, not a memory, though with it

was memory of having lived it all before years ago. But that memory came from the future, and right here and now I was really worried about being demoted to the first grade too.

"Paul!"

I jumped—literally a foot.

"If you don't stop daydreaming you'll never get back into the third grade!"

"Yes, Miss Boyd," I said unhappily.

I managed to concentrate on being aware of my surroundings for the remainder of the day. After school I played with Ken and Melvin all the way home. Mom bawled me out for being half an hour late from school. Babe wanted to play with me. I tripped her and she cried and ran to mom. Mom gave me a spank for being so bad. She ordered me to bring in some wood. I went out to the woodshed and sat down.

Why was I here in the past?

It was so strange it made my head spin. I had jumped into the past from the same instant I had leaped into the future! It was impossible, unless

There in the far future, in 1960, I had felt that in another moment I was going to die. Perhaps I did die. But this was no memory I was living—or else all reality is no stronger than memory. But I couldn't believe that. The proof of it was the fact that I was sitting here on a chunk of wood, age nine, thinking calmly in terms of 1951 and 1960.

I could remember this period of my life from the vantage point of 1951. I had been very prone to daydreaming, as I remembered it. Miss Flournoy had shoved me back from the third grade to the second, and I had remained there for three days before being allowed to go back where I belonged. Daydreaming. My mind going blank and oblivious of my surroundings. A schizoid symptom, the psychologists of 1950 said it was. But as I remembered it, my mind just went blank. My thoughts didn't go anywhere, as I remembered things. Now, however, I knew different. I was sitting here thinking things out with my 1951 mind, in my 1923 body! And my 1923 mind wouldn't remember a thing about it. It would snap back and have only a blank for these moments while I sat here - and thought.

What had happened to me that caused this jumping around in time? Had the H bomb that destroyed Seattle in some way upset the normal progression of the psyche forward in time? Had it perhaps caused a backwave of consciousness into the past, with

a node point at that instant where Beth Baker turned to me to get my support of her argument? Certainly *that* particular instant could have no actual bearing on the strange phenomenon!

Had the H bomb in some strange way set my psyche free to roam backwards and forwards in time? If that were so, then my next move would be to try to consciously control it—go where I wanted to in the past and future. Forward—*beyond death!* Back—*before birth!* If I could do one or both—

"Paul! Bring that wood in here this instant!"

Jerked back to my surroundings. I shouted half rebelliously, "Okay mom," just like I had been about to do it.

We had hamburger patties with potatoes and gravy for supper. My sisters and pop and mom ate industriously. So did I, at times. But at other times I was excited by the growing desire to *consciously* choose the points along my time line where I would become conscious. I would take things slowly and build up to the point where I could burst through the barriers of this finite life span to pre-birth and post-death.

"Paul! I've spoken to you enough!"

I became conscious of my surroundings just in time to feel myself yanked from my chair. I was turned over a lap and soundly spanked. My 1923 emotions took over, dominating me. I cried, more from hurt dignity than from actual pain.

Indignantly, I jumped to the next day at school. In the twinkling of an eye. Amusedly I dipped into consciousness of the past sixteen or so hours of my child life, and with great sympathy for myself as I had been at the age of nine. I knew that my child mind was "daydreaming" now, but it wouldn't come to real harm, and I had planning to do. This period of my life was a calm reservoir in which I could think undisturbed. I needed it.

The fact that somewhere in the future a Beth Baker was pausing for hours compressed into an instant, her mouth hanging open perhaps, amused. I was safe from her here in the past. I could think.

I toyed with the idea of suddenly raising my hand, and when Miss Boyd asked me what I wanted, calmly informing her that Spokane would be destroyed in 1960 on May second by a Hydrogen bomb dropped by the Russians. But in the first place she wouldn't believe me and it wouldn't go farther, and in the second place, I doubted that my 1923 conscious mind would be able to permit me to utter such a

prophecy. *Its consciousness was separated from mine by infinite barriers.*

So I stifled my sense of humor and concentrated on more vital things. Was I a complete victim of this strange phenomenon that tossed me about in time? Or could I consciously control it? There was only one way to find out. Consciously try to arrive at a predetermined point in time. What should it be?

Was there some point between 1923 and 1951 I wished to revisit? Not particularly. How could I change anything that had happened? Actually, there were very few things I would want to change. Sickness, perhaps; but now that it was past, why try?

Beyond 1951, then. Was I curious about any of it? Why had I left Chicago and gone to the west coast to live? The answer, and full memory from 1951 to 1960 leaped into consciousness. Of course I knew all of it! Hadn't I been my full 1960 self for three weeks?

I knew my entire life, from the first vague gray dawning of memory to—

In the crisp air I heard the staccatto chatter of a machinegun. Mark Beamish, to the right of me, went down. I couldn't believe it. I lifted my submachinegun to my shoulder and looked across the rise toward the direction of the firing —

"—made that speech?" Beth finished her sentence.

"Paul Fairless!" It was Miss Flournoy.

I was turning the pages of a picture book. At the front of the classroom was Miss Wooster. The first grade. Relief. It was a study period and I could daydream in peace. Think.

It was utterly crazy. Considered from the standpoint of straight time, I had already been fully conscious on several different levels up there in 1951, simultaneously. Also I was not conscious there now. But my awareness of passage of time seemed independent of physical time. I was cast loose from it, but apparently confined to my own skull. The Hydrogen bomb, maybe, or perhaps my death had caused a backlash of consciousness that was surging backwards toward the dead end of birth, and ahead again to the dead end of death. The temporal point in 1951 was a natural node point.

One thing was sure, though. I didn't go on from 1951 with full memory of all this. I could recall the future from that visit at the Bakers. I had been bored. I had murmured pretended forgetfulness so that I wouldn't have to make a liar out of Beth. John had remem-

bered who made the speech. And I had had no slightest memory of jumping back and forth in the future and the past. Not conscious memory, at least.

But why? My continuity of consciousness from birth went to that node point and then jumped to the future, then back, then into the past, then back and forth.

Or did it go through my entire life, jump back to 1951, and—I became unsure. And it didn't matter anyway. Maybe all people had a level of consciousness that was free of time, roaming over the entire span of life. Right now, here in the first grade of school, with a picture book in front of me, I was consciously seeing my entire life, the events connected with it, world events up to 1960. But on the lower level that was me at the age of six had no awareness of this at all. Yet it was just as surely I as the I I knew myself to be!

It had a consciousness—suspended right now—"daydreaming," and it had subconscious thoughts, vaguely prodding it to awaken to its surroundings.

I had an awake consciousness—and urges that were trying to burst into conscious thought. I listened for them, coaxed them into the open.

I didn't want to remain roaming and lurking in the enclosed length of my life span. I wanted to—I tried too late to stop listening. *I wanted to penetrate beyond death, before birth!*

Fear of death flooded over me so strongly that it filtered into my child-mind and I partly united with it, staring straight ahead with unseeing eyes, trembling. With an effort I pulled free to quietness again—and it was dark. I was still six years old, but I was in my room, half asleep. There were fresh memories of snow outside. I had jumped ahead — or back — several months. I didn't know which, nor care.

The thought of penetrating beyond death — dying — no longer flooded me with terror. I still felt my stomach tie up at the thought, but I could view the prospect with more boldness. After all, what was there to fear? Total oblivion? In normal life I firmly believed in the immortality of the soul—existence after death. I had even more reason to believe in something more than physical being now!

What was that they said about the moment before death? *One's whole life passing in review?* Was that what I was going through? No. It was too real for that. But—

But what if, up there in 1960 at the farthermost point of my memory of the future, *I didn't die?*

And the next day, waking up in the hospital, I remembered all this travel over my past? I would probably chuckle about it and tell the nurse *my whole life had passed in review just before I blacked out up there on the ridge!*

Maybe that was the explanation, or maybe I had really died up there in 1960. The only way to find out was to penetrate beyond that instant that my emotions told me was my point of death.

I had to do that. And yet, the thought of it sent an emotion of nostalgic regret through me. Would I ever again be able to roam over my entire life in full consciousness, independent of corporeal time?

Why, I could live forever here, within the confines of the years 1914 to 1960! Forever? My mortal life would become a cage from which I could not escape, every second of it re-lived so often it would be a hated experience. Even now I had little desire to re-live any moment of it. Only if I could forget, so that each re-living of each moment would be new and surprising to me, could such an eternity be worth having. But then it would be meaningless.

The nostalgic feeling remained. I thought of my entire life up to 1960. There had been times when I had premonitions of the future. Some of those undoubtedly were the filtering through of my present time-free consciousness to my lower time-bound awareness. Perhaps there were some instances where future memory had actually influenced actions or decisions. Closed circles in time. The end determining the beginning.

Maybe I could burst the boundary of my birth and go back to the beginning of time—and influence the very course of evolution. Or maybe I could go forward to the end of time and get the entire picture, the meaning of All.

Suddenly death no longer held any fears. My only fear was—if I didn't die in 1960 three weeks after May Day, and all this were only a natural phenomenon that would become just a "review of my whole life passing before me," this free ego I had become would die. *I* would die. *I*. There would only be Paul Fairless, perhaps chuckling over my death and his survival.

I hated him suddenly. What a boor he was. I could see him, slouched and untidy, while Beth asked him a question and he opened his lips and uttered an asinine, "Well, ah "

I had to escape him, and there were only two avenues of escape. Toward the future lay possible destruction, all the more humilitating since I would become only a laughable part of his memory. To-

ward the past, before birth—

I consciously willed myself backward in time

* * *

THE horse's hide was wet with sweat under my legs, and moving with rhythmic swiftness. I barely had time to sense this, to become aware of the surrounding countryside, the bow in my hands already loaded with an arrow, my trained muscles and eyes aiming it, timing my movements with the motion of my horse. Then something hit my chest with a hammer blow, knocking me off the horse. I was half dazed by my fall. I had rolled onto my side and could see the gaping hole in my chest. I was going to die!

Almost without thinking, but with a surge of terror that cut off abruptly, I *leaped*. And I was lying half asleep under a tree, a horse standing quietly near me. The memories of a lifetime *joined* my mind. My name was Lazy Hawk and I belonged to the Shawnee tribe. Millions of memories flowed through my consciousness, too fast for concentration on any one item, but slow enough for grasping. My horse lifted its head, aware of the approach of something or someone. I started to glance in that direction. The horse started to whinny—

"They have much firewater in their wagons," he said. "They will be here tomorrow about noon." He spoke the dialect of the tribe to the east. His pony was coated with foam from long hours of hard riding. I was surprised that he could be here and live, since we were at war with his tribe, more or less.

I glanced about me. I was one of a large group of my tribesmen apparently gathered to hear this man speak his piece. My newly acquired memories tried to fit what they saw. Every face was familiar —but not quite. Each face was older!

From somewhere new memories flooded in to join the previous block of memories. It had been many summers since—a moment ago—I had lain half asleep under the tree. Someone had been about to come. My horse had looked toward the east. Had it been this warrior of the eastern tribe?

My new memories were confused, and they churned with an emotion of fear that was apart from me. I let them churn and turned my attention to the speaker. From the expressions on the faces around me I knew my fellow tribesmen were working up to a war fever, excited at the prospect of getting that strange devil-water of the white men that could make everything seem so different and

delightful.

The chief of my tribe, Chief Crazy Horse, asked suspiciously, "Why didn't your tribe kill them and take the firewater?"

The man's face turned black with hate. "We tried," he said. "We killed many of them, but they killed too many of us. We fled. Their guns kill from a great distance. We didn't know that. We charged at them from across a great plain, hoping that the sight of us would make them run and leave their wagons and oxen and some of their horses. Chief Running Water sent me to tell you all this, and to warn you that you must not be seen until you are close enough to kill them with your arrows. I have spoken."

"And what do you hope to get if we kill them and take their firewater?" Crazy Horse asked.

The hate in the warrior's face grew more intense if possible, "Vengeance," he spat.

Chief Crazy Horse issued commands. I heard my name spoken. I was to be one of the scouts who would go toward the east and find the wagon train and keep it in sight until I could tell where it would pass. There were six of us.

I ran to my wigwam and ordered Little Bird to cut me some chunks of dried venison. A moment later I was running through the forest. I heard animal calls from the right and the left. I answered them with my own special call. We were on our way!

My dominant emotion became amazed and intense interest. This was *I* in what must be an incarnation previous to the life I had known as Paul Fairless. It was like suddenly awakening after amnesia, with the past flooding in, entirely new for the moment, but unquestionably *my* past. It hadn't merged as yet with my life as Paul Fairless. In some ways it never would. They were two separate lives in every respect. But they were both mine.

I tore at the dried venison with my teeth and chewed the leathery stuff, one part of my mind relishing its flavor while the more intimate me savored it as something strange. I marvelled at the keenness of my eyes, the interpretations the newfound part of my mind gave to little things like bent grass, broken twigs, fallen leaves.

And I was glad it was so integrated and so automatic that it didn't need any conscious direction from me to function. Or rather, I was consciously doing everything, but without having to use any part of my twentieth century skills and knowledge. Or lack of skills and lack of knowledge.

I was, I suddenly realized, think-

ing simultaneously in two different spheres of thought. Independent trains of thought flowed through my mind. Some of them seemed humorously independent. The facet of me that had been half asleep under a tree was still at work on the problem of how it had gotten here into the future—only it didn't think of it as the future. It's patterns of thought were crude and limited by vocabulary, riddled with superstition and a simple but in some ways beautiful philosophy, mixed up with a sense of values and morals that raised my hair, figuratively. I had killed many men in my time. There were intensities of hatred and passion latent within me that were definitely psychopathic, but understandably so in view of the fact that in this crude world were men who would kill me without compunction if they had the chance. Almost every fight I had ever been in had been to the death, with fear of death adding its psychopathic needle.

Night came. Hour after hour I glided through the forests, over the meadowlands, often yipping my special cry and hearing answers of friends. From the stars I knew the night was less than half over when I heard the signal that the wagon train had been sighted. I went forward more cautiously, though all along I had been far more cautious than a white man of the twentieth century could possibly be.

I saw a soft glow through the trees. I reached the edge of the forest and saw the campfire half a mile distant in the center of a meadowland.

I chose a spot to sleep, and almost immediately it was dawn. Shortly after, the wagon train moved out. After an hour, from a tree, I gained a better view of the wagon train and the white men. A thrill of dread coursed through me, raising uneasy thoughts in the part of me that was the Indian, Lazy Hawk. This was the wagon train I had been charging toward when I got knocked off my horse with a bullet!

The memories that were Lazy Hawk's didn't accept these thoughts. It rationalized them into something that amazed me. A fatalistic acceptance of impending death! I studied this and could see the reasons. To try to escape it would brand me as a coward and I would be killed anyway. It was better to accept it and hope it would go away.

A memory of the geography of this area unfolded itself. I checked this against the direction the wagon train was going, seeing which way it would have to go. I

thought of the ideal place to attack.

A moment later, in answer to my signal, furtive shadows came toward me through the trees. We compared notes. There were, we decided, two places where an attack would work, depending on which way the wagon train went a mile farther on. They would reach either place just before noon.

Three of us started back toward the village by different routes in case there were white scouts and one of us got killed. We all got back to camp alive. We reported what we had found to Chief Crazy Horse.

Many of the warriors of the tribe were already well into the war dancing. The part of me that was Lazy Hawk threw itself into the war fever with full intensity. My wife, Little Bird, watched me stoically as I daubed my face with war paint. I gave her an affectionate, dry-humored grunt, then ran out to join the dancers.

Soon the other scouts returned. We now knew where we would stage the attack. As a panorama of the area rose in my mind's eye I recognized it. This time, however, I kept my emotions down. Why should I fear that impending death? I had already been at that moment of time—and beyond it into my next life! Only the part of me that was the mental complex, Lazy Hawk, had any reason to fear it.

Nevertheless my excitement rose as we approached the place. It was a narrow pass. We went to within two miles of it and waited until we got word that the white scouts had looked over the possible places of ambush and found nothing. Then we moved in.

Our plan was simple. Our first volley of arrows would catch them completely unawares. Within five seconds after the arrows left our bows we would be charging over the rise into view of the wagon train. The white men would be dumbfounded by the arrows killing so many of them. For precious seconds they would be paralyzed—and we would be among them, switching to our tomahawks in close combat.

It happened that way—except that the white men ignored their dead and had their guns ready for us. We charged down the slope.

My horse's hide was wet with sweat under my legs, and moving with rhythmic swiftness. I steeled myself for the blow that I knew would strike me in another moment, but the part of me that was Lazy Hawk was divorced from this part of me. It had even forgotten its premonition of death and knew only the fever of the fight, the bow

and arrow an extension of its body as it drew back the string and aimed, timing its motion with that of the horse under it.

The blow came, hot, unexpected even though I knew it was coming. I felt the horse slide ahead under me and to one side as I fell to the ground, and my thoughts became dazed, confused, until abruptly the gaping hole in my chest bored into my mind. I was going to die! Blind terror surged through every part of me. I *leaped.*

THE uncompleted whinny of my horse continued in my ears. I continued turning my head and saw what my horse had seen; several girls of my tribe scampering toward me.

Memory of this instant coordinated in me. The part of me that was Lazy Hawk was realizing that it had been many summers into the future for two days and had come back, all within the space of a breath!

Abruptly things clicked together. The part of me that was Lazy Hawk was not aware of the part of me that was Paul Fairless! That had been there underneath all the time, unnoticed. But now something else was added to it. *The part of me that was Lazy Hawk had been going through the same pattern of experience that the Paul Fairless part had, with the same reactions, the same mystification, the same wonder!*

Awareness seemed to work only one way. Lazy Hawk was not aware of being anyone but Lazy Hawk. I was aware of being Paul Fairless *and* Lazy Hawk, in two succeeding lives.

The voices of the approaching girls had vanished without my being aware of it. I was squatted inside a wigwam, and was vaguely aware of my mother sitting with her back to me in the flap opening. I was a little boy, and in this the parallel continued.

It was *I.* And yet the thinking in the part of me that belonged to my life as Lazy Hawk was behaving exactly as though a separate *I* were going through the experiences I had already gone through in my Paul Fairless existence. Was it a separate I-consciousness?

Was there such an I-consciousness *above me,* that had come back in time from a life beyond 1960, just as I had come back to this life from the twentieth century?

I shied away from the thought as I would shy away from death itself, because if it were true, then *I* would be reduced to the role of a thought focus among thought foci.

It isn't so! I shouted in my thoughts. And to prove it, I determined to unite that thought

focus so concerned with what was happening, with myself, and make the consciousness that was aware of being Lazy Hawk conscious of being Paul Fairless in a future life.

I screamed at it, pleaded with it, talked to it. And it seemed that little fingers of thoughts were reaching down toward me from somewhere above. I resisted them as strongly as I fought toward the Lazy Hawk center of thought. I refused to listen to anything above me, because *to admit it existed was to destroy my uniqueness as an identity!*

And yet, here was the Lazy Hawk part of me, unaccountably (to it) sent back in time from the point of its death to a moment it remembered from adulthood as being a period of "daydreaming," remembering its entire lifetime from birth to a moment before death. It was unaware of *me,* and to me it was only a coordinating bundle of *my* memories, somehow functioning without my willed direction—even ignoring my willed attempts to control it.

The parallel with my own experience was too great.

But wait! I was reasoning from a false analogy! I saw it, suddenly, and felt weak with relief.

If what I had been thinking was correct, it followed that if a higher ego contained my memories and Lazy Hawks and its own, then it was under a higher ego that contained all three lives—plus one more—ad infinitum. To the infinite future. The human race wouldn't last that long. The progression stopped somewhere. Therefore why think it went beyond me?

I remembered my earlier feeling, that the Hydrogen bomb had started it. I felt that that was the truth.

With a new confidence I looked boldly into the complex of thought that was puzzling at things in my Lazy Hawk memories. There was no separate ego there, but only my own thoughts, not coordinated with my whole mind.

And then I thought of something else. I had arrived in Lazy Hawk just a few seconds before he was to die, then leaped backward from his moment of death to a quiet and somewhat peaceful few moments of his early life. From there I had gone forward to within two days of his death and lived every moment right up to the end, reliving that end. But Lazy Hawk had no memory of leaping back and then forward. To him there had been only the unaccountable leaping forward.

I studied him more closely, and became more and more aware that his viewpoint even now was that of the man who had been drowsing

under a tree and then had been plunged into the future, then the past. And to myself I was even now still the man who was sprawled in a chair listening to Beth ask me a question. I wasn't Lazy Hawk. I wasn't even the Paul Fairless of 1960—and wouldn't be *until I had lived every moment from Beth's question to that fatal year.*

I thought about that for a moment and saw the big hole in my reasoning. If it were true, why did I go from Beth's question with no faintest memory of all this jumping around? Did I forget it all? *Or was it I who went on?* If it wasn't I—

My thoughts lost their direction in a storm of confused emotions and vague gropings. In the mixture only one thing seemed clear. So far as my conscious awareness was concerned, my jumping about was without my own volition. A couple of times I had *seemed* to will myself to a different point in time. I had seemed to will myself backward into this previous existence. But through all the jumping around, a behavior pattern was becoming evident, and it wasn't my behavior pattern. I was *being* jumped around, not jumping. The difference was terrifying to me. I was not Paul Fairless. I was not Lazy Hawk. I was not some immortal being. I was a light spark of awareness and self awareness that had originated in 1951 and was being maneuvered here and there in a manner similar to that of a flashlight being used in the darkness. Lazy Hawk was another beam of light from a flashight. *We could be shut off.* Perhaps.

My reaction to the prospect of total annihilation wasn't what I expected. I was absorbing some of Lazy Hawk's fatalism. But along with it was an underlying feeling that I had missed something in my reasoning that was in my favor.

At any rate, I had gone as far as reason seemed able to carry me at present. What would I do now —if I had any control over my future course of action? Return to 1951? Could that carry me any further in my search for answers to my problem of survival? I knew every moment of that life from birth to death. Should I remain in this life of Lazy Hawk? I knew every moment of that life too.

Should I go back still farther to a previous life, or—A sudden thought occurred to me. To go forward into my life as Paul Fairless, taking my memories as Lazy Hawk with me, would be a step in the right direction. It would have overcome one death, and then might be able to penetrate beyond my own into the future beyond

1960! I decided to do that. I willed to go forward, and nothing happened. But on the Lazy Hawk level of thinking I was trying to envision going beyond my point of death into the unknown, and shying away from it. Lazy Hawk was picturing the prospect of total oblivion. He thought of birth. That direction, he decided, would be the safe direction. If there were nothing before this life, he would be unable to penetrate to before birth, but he would still exist. He decided to will himself backward in time. I resisted that decision, seeing the trap it would be for both of us. He was going through the same emotional line of thought I had gone through before willing myself backward into this life. I could see the result if I gave in. Lazy Hawk would be in the position I was in now. I would be a step higher. And there would be a third personality to consider.

Then suddenly I saw something new. Already I *strongly suspected* that above me was the ego of a future life, unable to make me aware of its existence. Why not let Lazy Hawk get the same viewpoint? Right now he had no true inkling that I existed. Once he suspected, we might get together. Two against one. If that didn't work, then another step backward would make it three against one. Why not? The more the merrier. I wouldn't be alone, afraid that something would shut me off like a flashlight beam.

Lazy Hawk was still consciously willing himself backward. I did the same. A surge of confidence flowed into me consciousness of floating lazily on the perimeter of a slowly revolving vortex, approaching the center unhurriedly, then more quickly, then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, I was drawn into its center with a—

SNAP!

The horrible sound rapped its way into my emotion-torn mind. Strange images seared into my brain; the coarse weave of a crude basket rushing past my eyes, too close, and suddenly jumping about and coming to rest at a grotesque angle simultaneous with the sounds of dry straw rattling together. I could see the complete perimeter of the top of the basket. It was a circle, enclosing the sky and a thing that reached upward into the sky. The basket was much, much too small for anything but— And what was that thing being drawn upward within the framework?

With complete panic I *leaped.*

I YAWNED elaborately at my host whom I held in contempt for no other reason than that I had often seduced his wife and he

had never suspected.

" so you see, my good Aristide " he was saying.

His ornate and richly furnished dining room vanished. In its place was a narrow street. *I* viewed it with interest. That part of me that was Lazy Hawk was studying it with amazement and the beginnings of shrewd speculation. The part of me that was Aristide Groh the younger was busy trying to extricate himself from Aristide the older and figure out how he had been suddenly plunged so many years into the future, for future he instantly recognized it to be.

But there was no time to stand idly and speculate. Already the soldiers on their horses were turning into the narrow street and charging forward. I turned to run —and they had entered from the other direction too. I was trapped. In seconds the mounted soldiers drew their horses up sharp, lances within inches of me.

Aristide surrendered meekly, already building plans for escape in case the judges condemned him to the guillotine. *I* knew he would not escape, Lazy Hawk knew it, for we had the common memory of that last moment when our head—as well as Aristide's—fell into the basket.

A soldier dismounted and bound my hands behind my back with chains. He remounted. I was forced along the street on foot, the Aristide part of me optimistic at one moment, despairing at the next.

I let my awareness course rapidly through his past to earliest memories, flinching at much of what I "remembered." But it was my own memories, so I judged less harshly than I might have. My standards had certainly been crude, closer to the animal, vicious and cynical. Even Lazy Hawk, knowing they were his personal memories of a former life, felt a repugnance. Or perhaps I should say that Lazy Hawk felt more of a repugnance, because his standards, though barbaric, were closer to the ideals of fair play than those of civilized man.

In five minutes I had had my fill of being Aristide. He also was remembering his past back to the moment at which he had leaped into his future. He was recalling with satisfaction that a few days after the moment he had left, he and his host had duelled, and he had won. He had then lost interest in the wife and forgotten her.

Only a few days ago he had seen her on the street, a repulsive sight with her open sores. She had recognized him. He had tossed her a few coins contemptuously.

Sudden suspicion entered his

mind. Had she reported his being here to the soldiers? She must have!

"For that," Aristide gritted inaudibly through his teeth, "when I get free I will kill her—painfully. Or if by chance I return to the present from this cursed future I will at once kill her to prevent this treachery."

I was repelled. How could I have been this way in any incarnation? It seemed impossible! I wanted to escape living with these thoughts that disgusted me so. And yet, if the pattern I had gone through twice were repeated here, I was condemned to live through every moment of the trial and final execution. Lazy Hawk was also somewhat repelled, but he wasn't sure he would have to live through the days up to the guillotine. He only suspected it.

I forgot Aristide as much as possible and concentrated on Lazy Hawk. I watched his thoughts, seeing them duplicate every stage of reasoning I had gone through. I waited, hoping for the moment when he would be receptive.

If I could get him just once to consciously accept the thought, "In my next incarnation I am Paul Fairless," I was sure that all the barriers would tumble.

We would then become one in reality as we were in continuity. And, though I did not consciously recognize the thought as yet, that *one* would be—must be—me. There was, really, only me. The focus that seemed to be a separate ego in the Lazy Hawk personality was empty. It had to be. Anything else meant—eventual oblivion. For me, for Lazy Hawk, for Aristide Groh.

So I watched the unsuspecting Lazy Hawk from my vantage point, ready (subconsciously) to pounce, to devour him into my being, driven by the instinct for survival.

And above *me?* Perhaps it wasn't for nothing that my favorite expression in my incarnation as Aristide was, "Flea of a flea!" But then, all my thinking was colored by the personality of Aristide. It was inevitable. Paul Fairless was a facet of me far in the future, remote

In prison, during the trial, during the wait for the day of execution, I returned more and more to the thought of how far away my life as Paul Fairless had really become, how remote. Murder, constant danger of being killed, every vice known to man, had become fresher in my memory than Paul Fairless.

I clung to him at times when the reality of the prison became too repugnant. I yearned for his reality, the heavenly monotony of lis-

tening to Beth Baker, the sterilized threat of the Hydrogen bomb in contrast to maggots and vermin of the kind that infested the mind, in addition to those that infested the flesh.

Aristide, in his oblivion to anything else, lived out his last days on two levels of thought. Lazy Hawk, knowing more, yet accepted it with stoic calm and growing anticipation of that remembered moment when we could leap backward in time to safety.

Or was it *I* who accepted it all with stoic calm? I became confused.

And once I awakened from a daydream in which I was riding a pony bareback across a prairie, feeling my body blend its movements with those of the horse, feeling the clean air rush past me, smelling the scents of the wild. Living

There came the day of the trial. The French court seemed like something out of Hollywood. In many ways I seemed to myself to be only an actor, knowing much of the script, already having rehearsed the final scene. Perhaps good actors completely forget themselves and really become, for the moment, the character they are playing. Or perhaps a part of their mind splits off and becomes the character, while the central ego watches. It was much that way with me. The Aristide part of me, from a Hollywood standpoint, was superb. I found myself forgetting that it was grim reality—and then I would remember, and be sick to the depths of my soul.

Each unfolding moment was new, of course. As in the life of Lazy Hawk, I seemed to have entered at the moment preceding death and almost instantly gone back to an earlier period without actually absorbing any of the memories future to that period.

There were many witnesses to my crimes. As I suspected, the woman had indeed been the one who informed the police on me. Maria was her name. She had followed me to the room where I was staying and I had not suspected. I had not suspected a lot about her. She had watched my duel with her husband from the concealment of a thicket and I had not known it. She had seen the trick I used to win the duel—a trick I always used when forced into a duel. Fine sand thrown unexpectedly into my adversary's face, blinding him so that it was simple to leap in and drive straight through his heart. I had not thought that anyone could detect my device. The seconds and the physician had detected nothing—but then, I had been careful to

flick the sand when their view of my hand was obscured. Unfortunately at that moment Maria in her hiding place had been very close and at the ideal angle to see what happened.

It was fascinating to watch the processes of justice as interpreted by the court. To have killed Jaques in a fair duel would have been legal. The trick of the sand made it murder.

Maria—I felt three different ways about her on three levels. Aristide, of course, was consumed with heat toward her, considering her tragic life as something she well deserved—and more. Lazy Hawk pitied her, but considered both her and himself-as-Aristide to be victims of an unhealthy society.

My own feelings toward her were mixed with the reality and the unreality of my varying injection into what I saw. When I had first met Maria she had been a loving and devoted wife to Jaques, with never a thought of infidelity. That—and the realization filled me with shame—was what had attracted me to her. I was a shrewd student of human nature. Jaques himself was the key to things. If his wife were discovered to be impure, regardless of the circumstances he would throw her out. It was in his nature. Maria knew this.

I had surprised her alone one day. She had resisted with all her strength, but her very resistance had been fuel added to the fire of my passion. I had slipped away quietly and waited for signs of trouble. Three days later I had "accidentally" encountered Jaques on the street and he had been most friendly; so I had known beyond doubt that Maria had kept it from him. After that she had given in to me through blackmail, to keep me from telling her husband of the first time.

What sorry victims of society women were! I, Paul Fairless, wept in my thoughts as I looked at her on the witness stand and listened to her story. Her open sores I guessed to be the last stages of one of the venereal diseases. Perhaps penicillin could have saved her, but miracle drugs, even the knowledge that disease was caused by living organisms which could be killed, was separated from this courtroom by the unbridgeable gulf of future years!

The trial lasted for days. There were other witnesses. I had fought many duels and won them with my sand tossing trick. I had robbed many people. The Aristide part of me checked off each crime as it was brought before the court. In the end Aristide felt happy because of the crimes the court had missed

—and highly indignant for two murders they had lain at his door, of which he was innocent! But dominating these lesser feelings was his utter horror at the sentence. The prospect of being beheaded was terrible to him.

How can I express my own reactions as the court closed the case of Aristide Groh? I was etching the face of Maria, of each sorry victim of my-Aristide's cruelty upon my soul. I could not condone my actions. Lazy Hawk's philosophy was wrong. Aristide was not a victim of a sick society. The judge of the court, the lawyers, and the vast bulk of this society lived sane moral lives.

I prayed for a miracle that would enable me to right the wrongs I had done in this life. There must be some mark, some means of identification, so that I could recognize these souls I had wronged, in some future life. *There had to be some means of going forward and seeking them out!*

I was led back to my cell and left alone. In the morning I would be led out to the guillotine. I was considered dead already, not worth wasting water on to quench my thirst, nor a last meal of even a moldy crust.

I slumped to the floor against the damp wall of my cell. Remorse was dominant in me, with an awareness of the stoic waiting of Lazy Hawk and the unrepentant raging of Aristide. Aristide sensed my remorse very dimly and hated himself for feeling it even a little. Lazy Hawk sensed both the remorse and the raging unrepentance, and repressed them, thinking them signs of weakness. But these were things I automatically became aware of without thinking of them. My thoughts were dominated by a resolve to find some way to find these souls in a future life where I could atone for my wrongs.

For the first time I searched upward beyond myself, beyond any future self that might endanger my existence by absorbing me. I thought of my former fears of destruction. How selfish they had been!

Yes, I was Aristide, and I was Lazy Hawk. Even as Paul Fairless I was them, basically. From my higher position I had watched for a means of pouncing upon Lazy Hawk and digesting him into my own ego, and I would have used fair means or foul! And Lazy Hawk —how many scalps had I won in that existence? How many could I have left on the heads of their owners and won as friends? Even one was one too many, and there had been several.

I looked upward and asked for an opportunity to make amends. Ev-

en as I prayed for that opportunity I was scheming how nice such a chance would be. It would give me a guarantee of surviving while I made amends. It would carry me into the future beyond 1960, because nothing before that time could be changed from what it was. It would give me dominance over the Aristide and the Lazy Hawk identities, because *I* was the one who first decided to right the wrongs I had done. I tried to thrust these thoughts away from me. I tried to feel 100% honest about it — and within my own framework I was honest in my intentions.

Aristide, though, felt nothing but hatred, defiance. And I was Aristide. Despair overwhelmed me. How could I ever get Aristide to look up beyond himself? And how many other lives would I enter? How many other personalities would I have in my makeup to deal with? I had taken two steps backward into my past and already I was hopelessly pulled down toward the brute.

Why was this happening to me? Was it a freakish chance byproduct of the Hydrogen bomb as I had first surmised? Or was it design on the part of some unknown entity? For what purpose?

With bold impulse I searched upward toward the unknown, trying to hear the faintest of whispers that might give me contact with my next life beyond 1960. I had felt that if Lazy Hawk could become even partially aware of my existence the wall between us would vanish. I now felt that if I could know even my name in my next life beyond 1960 the barriers would fall away.

I needed guidance, companionship, even if it were only guidance and companionship of another facet of myself. I was a prisoner surrounded by walls that were transparent only in the direction of the past.

Suddenly it was dawn. Aristide stirred uneasily, blinking at the faint light entering the small barred window opening. Heavy footfalls echoed down the stone corridor. There was the clanking of metal against metal. The iron door opened. A hooded priest entered and began administering last rites. Aristide spat on him. The priest continued his duties unperturbed, not bothering to wipe off the spittle. I studied him, wondering how much or how little he knew of the continuity of existence in life after life, how much he knew of the purpose and meaning. There was no way I could tell. He was young, no more than thirty. Under his robe he seemed strong, well built.

The priest finished his ritual and rose, turning to the door. It opened and he went out, ducking his head so that his cowl would not touch the arch. Four men came in. Aristide cursed them vilely in several different French dialects. Or was it I who cursed them?

The four men held me helpless and forced me through the door into the corridor. A moment later we entered a courtyard. In its center was the guillotine. Except for a narrow lane from where I stood to the guillotine the courtyard was crowded with people. The Aristide part of me raging with hate and fear, my eyes searched the sea of faces—and found that of Maria. Her lips trembled as my eyes met hers.

For a brief moment I tried to get past the mental block that walled me off from control of my physical senses, to give her my message of encouragement. Did I succeed? Did I see a sudden light of understanding flash from her eyes? I couldn't be sure, for the next moment I had been forced past her through the crowd.

Ahead now was the guillotine, its heavy blade held so high that I knew I would hear it hurtle down, rattling against the guide timbers, for several heartbeats before it severed my head from my body.

I stared around me curiously. It would be in another moment now that I would arrive here from the future. But it had been several days ago that I had arrived! In this strange existence I had been plunged into, the ordinary passage of time was another dimension along which I traveled, passing and repassing the same spot. I existed in a time stream separate from it, or it was separate from me, just as an enduring structure in space remains unchanged, day after day.

I had gone up to my moment of death in my life as Paul Fairless once, twice to Lazy Hawk's moment of death, once already to this present moment of death. This would be my fifth experience at meeting death. I no longer feared it.

I didn't know quite how I felt about it now. Under me in my layers of consciousness Lazy Hawk was preparing to try to leap forward, back into his own life. Below him Aristide was striving desperately to leap backward toward that peaceful moment when he had been inexplicably torn from his surroundings to his future. And below him lay the basic consciousness that was unaware of even that, and was striving to annihilate this moment by refusing to accept its reality.

Did I want to go forward into

death, up the ladder toward a life where I could make up for the wrong I had done? It was possible that if I willed it I could tip the balance and succeed.

But what of previous lives? How far down into the depths of the past did they extend? Had I always existed, or was there, somewhere in the past, a life below which I could not go—my first life, my origin?

I felt myself roughly forced to bend over. My chin was pressed against the side of the block of wood. I had only seconds to decide.

The sound of something sliding rapidly hit my ears. A thin scream of a woman came from the crowd.

SNAP!

I knew the sound now for what it was—the blade cutting through the bone and flesh of my neck. Now familiar images jumped across my vision. My head was in the basket, the dry straw it lay in rattling with loud crispness. I looked upwards and saw the knife already being drawn up toward the sky.

I had reached my decision. I would go backward to the beginning. Not until then would I turn the other way and climb upward. I would go back to the beginning, I would remember everyone I had wronged in every life. I would miss none. I would dedicate my future to righting those wrongs.

With a new inner peace I looked upward at the circle of sky framed by the lip of the basket, and at the guillotine—symbol of justice—

Wasn't it Fred who made that speech?

I BLINKED at her in amazement. "Well, ah . . " I said, trying to orient myself. I looked helplessly at Louise—and abruptly recognition of her exploded in my consciousness. Exploded with a blinding flash. A terrible glare—

A terrible glare coming through the window. The Hydrogen bomb destroying Seattle!

But the recognition of Louise was still fresh. With desperate gladness I called, "Louise!" and ran toward the kitchen. As I reached the doorway the earthquake came.

"Paul!" Louise screamed. She had a stack of plates in her hands and was trying to hold onto them and keep her balance. I leaped toward her. The dishes crashed to the floor. We were holding onto each other, heading toward the back door and the safety of the yard.

How precious was this moment! My very soul thrilled at the touch of her. I knew her now, and my-

self. Through ten thousand times ten thousand lives on a hundred different planets I had known her.

I was still somewhat stunned by the terrific *implosion* of consciousness that had come with my decision to *accept* all my past from the beginnings of time. It was still too new to fully realize, but it was there. With that acceptance, in the twinkling of an eye the barriers vanished.

I could understand it a little. I could understand why I was aware of my Lazy Hawk life and it wasn't aware of me, aware of my Aristide Groh existence while it remained oblivious of me. Since those lives were *my* lives, the barriers were my barriers, set up by fear. I had been afraid of losing my identify if they combined and I was left outside. I was afraid of losing my identity if one of them combined with me, or I combined with one of them.

In a way, that I had been right in its fear. *It no longer existed.* But it had been only a phase of my development, a bundle of fears dominated by an almost pathological desire to survive at any cost.

It was dead, and yet it was not dead. Even now, on a lower level, it was puzzling at this inexplicable jump forward in time. Or was that merely my memory of what *I* had done at this moment when I lived it before? It didn't matter.

I was impatient now. This was May Day, 1960. In a few days I could go forward toward my next life, and my next and my next, forever climbing upward, step upon step, toward my distant goal that I could even now see dimly with my limited ability to comprehend its vastness.

Impatiently I rushed toward the garage to collect the things we must take as we joined the others in our exodus to the mountains. I was impatient of the slowness of the moments that lay between me and my future. There was so much to do and so short an eternity to do it in.

And then, abruptly, I paused letting my lower consciousness continue with its tasks unnoticed, as a phonograph follows the grooves of the record and brings forth the same sound for the fifth or the hundredth time.

A thought had occurred to me. What was my rush? Was the goal the ultimate purpose of existence—*or was existence itself the ultimate purpose of existence?*

If I could, at this very moment, in one giant leap, reach the Ultimate, *would I do it?*

I could. Within me was the absolute conviction that at this very instant I could rise to the Ultimate, so that every future incarna-

tion to the end of this world, to other worlds, and others, would in the twinkling of an eye, be things of the past, my journey ended, my karma complete. It needed only my decision to make it so.

The wrongs I had done would be righted. The imperfections in my own being would be made perfect. I was free of the bonds of time, able to arrive instantly at my journey's end. Actually, in the infinite of all past and future, I was already there and had always been. But I was here and now, in a more real sense.

A Hydrogen bomb had just been dropped on Seattle. I was about to flee with Louise to the mountain refuge, only to be killed by a bullet from an invading soldier. I knew my next incarnation. I would be born again in 1972. I knew every detail of that future life, and the lives beyond it.

Suddenly I knew I couldn't leap over them. Reaching the goal was not the purpose of life. No. The purpose of life is to live every moment of it. Every moment and every flavor of each moment.

And I had already missed a part of it. There were nine years with Louise that I had leaped over. How many times had I leaped over those nine years without touching them?

They were there. They were unalterable. On lower levels of consciousness they were inalterably grooved. Permanent. But *I* had not listened to their music, nor lived their richness. And I *must* . . .

Beth Baker turned to me. "You were there, Paul," she said. "Wasn't it Fred who—"

I studied every detail of her sharp features hungrily. This was the music—the little trills, the thunders, the sevenths and majors and minors and the arpeggios and the melody—of Life, and I wanted it all. Every moment!

She was looking at me now. I hadn't heard her finish her question, but I knew it by heart.

"Well, ah " I stalled.

I glanced over at Louise. A thrill of pleasure shot through me. *She was there.* How could I have *missed* seeing her there, deep in those twinkling eyes, when I had passed this way before?

THE END

Sanandana Kumara has written a tremendous new story entitled THE HOLY MAN which dwells on the mysterious "Masters" of India, and explains what and who they may be. Here is another story in which a very important concept is explained and it appears in our next issue.

The GHOST of GRANADA

By Arthur Darrell Huckerby

A promise made to a dying person should be kept! One of the most interesting stories of an earthbound spirit we have ever read.

I AM a Minister's son in a large family of 14 children. We lived on a small island in in the British West Indies. My father moved from island to island in the group preaching the Gospel to Native and sojourners alike.

I will never forget our two years on the Island of Granada. Father was stationed at St. Georges, the capital, as head Minister and Superintendent of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and was also shore Chaplain for the British Navy. He had a large flock or congregation and much responsibility. In fact if any of the other denominations got into difficulties that they could not handle, my father was always appealed to to lend a hand.

It was because of his very courageous and dependable nature that he was led into one of the most difficult problems of his career.

I was a boy about twelve years of age, and well remember the details. One Sunday morning in 1915 I do not remember the exact Sunday morning, my father had a visitor, a Dr. Watson. What drew the attention of us children was the excited voice and pleadings of the doctor in the drawing-room. There were eleven rooms in the Mission House, the walls of thick masonry. We were down below in the yard playing, but for all this the doctor's voice was quite audible, the tones suggested panic, hysteria. For an M.D. to be in this state of mind definitely indicated that the man was certainly excited about something unnatural. Of course our curiosity was excited

considerably. We all felt that we just had to be in on this.

We dashed up the stairs to the second floor, through the breakfast room and into the hallway of the second stairs. Here we could hear very well what was going on in the drawing room. Father had called Mother down from the upstairs bedrooms and was appealing to her for guidance. This was something new for Father, so the curiosity grew in us to fever pitch. The goose pimples for some reason were crawling all over us. What we had seen through the open drawing room door, led us to believe that Dr. Watson was mad. What we heard from his lips made us believe that he was madder still and definitely should be in an insane asylum. We felt from what my father said during the time we were at the door, that his belief was parallel to ours.

Dr. Watson said a being or spirit existed in his house, and was not only threatening his wife, Mrs. Watson, but was also threatening his life while driving his Model T Ford by preventing him from pushing the brake pedal when going down hill.

My father suggested that he could not help him, but that if his story was true that there is One who is greater than the Devil, that he must pray to God for help for he was an ordinary man, and though a servant of God he could not destroy the power of this Beast. Dr. Watson asked if my father would pray for him, and appealed to my mother to convince my father that he was sure he could help him, that he knew in some form or manner my father would discover the seat of all the trouble, if only he would accompany him to the house where his wife and himself were threatened from another world. My mother suggested that father should go.

So my father accompanied the doctor to his house. It was an old Spanish type house, cement-wall enclosed yard, cemented floor, with a few open places of earth for plantings of roses, ferns etc. The entrance to the yard was a large wooden door, arched at the top, about eight feet high completely enclosing the opening in the old masonry wall. In the large wooden door was a smaller door or wicket gate. My father went through this with Dr. Watson. The huge door immediately fell off its hinges, nearly collapsing on my father and Dr. Watson. After evading the fallen door they both entered the yard proper and here the dog was running around the yard. One could hear the ship lashes falling on his hide, could neither see whipper nor whip; only the sound of the

lashes and the howling of the dog. My father called the dog over, and though he did not know my father, he immediately obeyed, seeming to crave protection. He picked the dog up and commenced to examine him for whelps on the skin, but there were none visible, not a scratch. It spurred my father all the more to further investigation. There must be a reason for what he had seen. His belief was that everything that happens in this world or out of it is ordained by two forces, Evil and Good. He was sure that what he had seen was Evil. This was right in his field as a minister of the Gospel, a challenge to what he represented.

He placed the dog down, started ascending the back stairs of the house, Dr. Watson following. As they reached the cupola of the stairs of the second floor a sound like the tolling of a bell was coming from the second floor. My father entered cautiously with Dr. Watson, who commenced calling his wife. There was no answer.

They moved toward the sound of the tolling bell. The sound seemed to come from an inner room which Dr. Watson said was their bedroom. They opened the door, the sound continuing. The bed was a large brass antique. It seemed that someone was striking the bottom of the bed-post, causing a sound similar to that of a tolling bell. Mrs. Watson was lying on the bed, deathly still and pale, Dr. Watson rushed to her side, ascertained that she was not dead and immediately set to work to revive her. This was not so easy as the woman had not only fainted, but was in terrible shock, and it was sometime before my father or Dr. Watson could get any intelligible statement from her.

This was her story: she was entering the bedroom and was about to lock the door because she had become afraid. She heard the dog howling in the yard downstairs as if someone was whipping it. As she let go of the doorknob she felt the strong presence of someone standing behind her. She turned. What she saw was unbelievable—an Indian woman standing close behind her holding a dagger over her head as if ready to strike. She rushed for the bed and fainted. She did not remember any bell tolling for her.

Dr. Watson carried his wife into an adjoining sitting room, placed her on a rocking chair. The woman was still in an hysterical state when through the door from another room came a clay goblet full of water, smashing in front of her rocking chair into hundreds of small pieces, scattering the water all over the place. A large trunk full of personal belongings in the

same room seemed to lift of its own accord, floating through the air like a particle of dust. The heavy velvet curtains caught on fire, only the velvet fuzz burning, leaving the interior base untouched. My father saw and witnessed all these things.

He entered into the doctor's study. The furniture was in a shambles, books thrown from their shelves and torn in sections and pieces even though the doctor asserted that he had locked every inside window and personally held the key to the study door. My father went into the study the second time and put everything that was saveable into its right place cleaning the balance of the rubbish out, locked the windows from inside, locked the only door and put the key into his own pocket, assuring Dr. Watson that he would return the next day.

My father returned to the house the next day and the doctor affirmed that nothing had changed. The same evil persisted as of before and he seemed completely helpless as to what to do. The study was opened and what had been put to rights the day before was again a mess.

My father had a plan. He called Dr. Watson from the living room to the sitting room where Mrs. Watson was going over the events of the morning with him. He said: "Dr. Watson, I am going to ask both Mrs. Watson and yourself to relate to me the past events in your lives, separately. Leave nothing out. Some little thing might help me to discover where the trouble is. This is undoubtedly the working of the Devil."

So Mrs. Watson first related the events of her life, being very careful not to omit anything she thought would be important. There was nothing that could be pieced together in her life to show any reason for this invasion of her privacy and property.

Dr. Watson's story, on the other hand, began to make sense, especially when he alluded to the part of his life of his first marriage, and more especially when he referred to the death-bed request of his first wife, who was an Indian, that he in this life must never remarry, a promise given sincerely by him at the time. He gave a description of his Indian wife. It exactly fitted the description given by Mrs. Watson of the Indian woman attempting to stab her.

My father suggested to Dr. and Mrs. Watson to separate, live in different houses and see what would happen. The experiment was tried and neither one was again molested.

THE END

A FUNERAL BEFORE IT HAPPENED

By Lillian M. Slayton

A true story of the ability to see the future.

GROVE HALL and his two young sons sat at the breakfast table waiting for his wife, Mary, to return from the pantry. He glanced impatiently at his watch and noted that it was almost time for him to get to the job and get his men to work. Just then Mary stepped into the room and Grove was surprised to see tears streaming down her face.

Jumping up and taking her in his arms he asked. "What's happened? Did you hurt yourself?"

"N-No. I'm not hurt." Mary sobbed. "It's Nan. She's ill—seriously ill. I saw it all just now. Mother had the doctor in to see her and he gave her some medicine and told her to take it again in two hours."

"You mean you imagined all that while you were in the pantry just now?"

"I didn't imagine it. I saw it all. It was just as real as if I were right in the room with them."

Grove held her close and a worried look came in his eyes.

"I don't like these—these visions you have every once in a while. They upset you so much. I tell you what. I'll take you over to your mother's house and let you see for yourself that your sister is all right. You get the boys dressed and ready and just as soon as I get the men started on the job for today I'll come home and take you over to see her."

When Grove returned a half hour later in a rented carriage and horse from the livery stable, Mary and the boys were all dressed and waiting for him on the porch.

Upon entering her mother's house they found that Nan really was ill. Grove took his mother-in-law to one side and asked her if she had had the doctor. She replied that she had and that he had given Nan some medicine and had

told her to repeat the dose in two hours. Out of curiosity Grove asked what time that had been and she told him. It was the exact time he had consulted his watch when waiting for Mary to come out of the pantry!

Reassured that Nan would be all right, Mary consented to return home. Suddenly as they were riding along she exclaimed, "Oh, Grove. Mr. So-And-So is dead!"

"Oh, no! You're not having more visions!" groaned Grove.

"It's true!" she exclaimed. "They're planning his funeral now and you'll be attending it. You'll drive a white horse, and you'll hitch it to the third hitching post from the left in front of the church. And," she continued, "you'll try to get in front of your brother in the funeral procession, but you won't be allowed to."

"Now, I know that's all nonsense, because I just saw Mr. So-And-So yesterday and he was just as healthy and spry as I am right this minute.

"Maybe he was, but he's dead now."

"Well, just to get this nonsense out of your head once and for all we'll drive around by his office and let you talk to him yourself."

They stopped by the office but it was closed. They proceeded to the home and as they approached they saw a body being carried from the house to the undertaker's wagon. Grove still wouldn't believe that it was his friend until he asked the undertaker, but the latter assured him that it was. The man had had a heart attack just a short time before.

Still determined to at least prove Mary mistaken in her prophecies and discourage her from taking her visions so seriously he visited one livery stable after another on the day of the funeral, but all the horses were rented out except one or two white ones. Finally, he was forced to take one of these.

As they approached the church he saw that only two hitching posts were empty. One of them was the third post from the left. He headed for the other one, but just before he reached it another carriage pulled up to it and he was forced to take the one Mary had told him he would use.

After the funeral service Grove maneuvered his horse and carriage into the line which was forming for the procession to the cemetery. He pulled in ahead of his brother's carriage, but the undertaker, taking hold of his horse's bridle exclaimed, "Sorry, Mr. Hall, but you must drive behind your brother. The eldest goes first, you know."

THE END

The INNER CIRCLE

In our March issue, we presented an article by Roger Graham about Mark Probert, the most amazing medium in America today. Now, as the first of a series to be presented each issue, the editors of Mystic have secured the exclusive rights to present actual seances by Mark Probert, in which his controls will answer questions put to them by our readers! This is the first time in magazine history that such a project has been made in any magazine of international coverage such as is MYSTIC. These seances, recorded on tape while Mark Probert is in trance, are transcribed just as spoken. Unfortunately the printed word cannot carry the dramatic impact of the recorded tape, which is awesome and thrilling. For this first seance, the questions were asked by your editor. In future seances, you, the readers, will ask the questions. Send your questions in today, according to instructions given at the end of this article. If your question qualifies, it will be answered.

Meeting held Monday, 15 *March,* 1954 *at* 8:00 *P.M.*

Purpose: *To answer questions sent in by Ray Palmer.*

MP: This is March 15, 1954. This is Mark Probert speaking. In a few moments I will go into trance, and questions asked by Ray Palmer in his letter of March 2nd will be presented to my teachers of the Inner Circle.

Prof. Luntz: How do you do, I am Professor Alfred Luntz.

Irene Probert: How are you this evening, Professor?

Prof. Luntz: Very well indeed, my dear, and how about you folks?

*RGM**: Oh, we're fine Professor.

Prof. Luntz: Now my friends, I am quite aware of what is desired of us this evening. The idea is I believe to answer some questions that were sent to you by your friend, Ray Palmer.

**Unfortunately, we neglected until too late, to learn the identity of RGM. However, we will correct the oversight in the October issue.—The editors.*

Conducted By **MARK PROBERT**

Famous San Diego Trance Medium

Featuring:

PROFESSOR ALFRED LUNTZ

In earth life, Professor Luntz was a clergyman for the High Episcopal Church of England. He was born of German and English parents, and attended Eton School for Boys, Heidelberg University in Germany, and Theological Seminary at Oxford.

RAMON NATALLI

Born in Rome, Italy, and lived at the time of the great astronomer, Galilleo, in whose footsteps he followed.

YADA DI SHI'ITE

Lived 500,000 years ago in the ancient civilization of Yu, in the Himalaya mountains. He was a priest in the Temple in the city of Kaoti.

IP: Yes, Professor, I believe I shall read the complete question first and then break it down as RGM has typed it out here so you can give more complete answers, don't you think so?

Prof. Luntz: I think that would be quite well, yes. But before you start would like to answer my question, the one concerning myself.

IP: That's fine, whatever you wish to do. The question pertaining to you, Ray Palmer says, "Who are you, Dr. Luntz? Will you give a specific introduction of yourself to our readers telling who you were, where you lived, what you did, and where you are now and what is your occupation at present?

Prof. Luntz: Well, I do not believe that it is very important to make any statement concerning my own life on earth. It would not further the work one little bit. To say simply that I am Professor Alfred Luntz as I have been doing these years and letting it go at that. I think it would be sufficient but

I do not think Ray Palmer will believe so. To say more about my life on earth I rather feel would incriminate me. That is a famous statement today, is it not?

RGM: Very true.

Prof. Luntz: Yes, and even the spooks do not like to be incriminated.

IP: Perhaps by telling where you are and what your occupation is at present might give those who read the answer in *Mystic* an idea of what does really take place when you're on that side of the veil, so to speak.

Prof. Luntz: Well, I will say this much that in my earth life I was a clergyman for the High Episcopal Church of England. I was born of German and English parents. I had some of my earlier schooling at the Eton School for Boys, later going to Germany where I attended Heidelberg and then later back to England going to the theological seminary at Oxford. More than that I can't say and I feel fairly certain this bit of information concerning my personal life will be of little value to either Ray Palmer or the readers, but that is the best that I can do. Now concerning my life in the present state, I certainly do not follow the path of the clergyman or the clergyman's life. I pursue truth, truth to be found in many many fields; philosophical, scientific, metaphysical, occult. There are many schools over here providing a vast number of things to study. The life is pretty much the same as on earth. Coming into the astral world you do find yourself floating aimlessly through space with nothing to do. It is an active life and can be a very happy one. But by the same token, depending upon your desire to adjust yourself to the new conditions one can find it beautiful or otherwise.

RGM: May I ask you a question, Professor?

Prof. Luntz: Please do.

RGM: In reference to the studying that you said you were conducting on the other side, you said it was somewhat similar to earth life. Do you have books as such?

Prof. Luntz: Yes sir, as such.

RGM: Maybe I should have left the "as such" off.

Prof. Luntz: Well no, I think you are quite right in expressing yourself in that way, quite right indeed, because many individuals would believe, had I simply said, "Yes we have books," or had you simply stated "Do you have books," that would not have been sufficient, because many would have taken an imaginative turn believing that one simply imagined they have books. Well it is not

any more imaginative than are the books in your world. There are libraries, great vast libraries, great schools, great music halls with instruments to play. This I know must be difficult to comprehend. I was going to say believe, but it is not a matter of believing. One must comprehend and understand before one can believe or disbelieve anything, eh what?

RGM: That's right.

Prof. Luntz: Yes, it is a real, concrete world if one can speak about concreteness anywhere under any circumstances.

RGM: Do you find that the process of learning is easier in your world than it was when you lived in a physical body?

Prof. Luntz: Yes, I do sir, because my mind now is clear. I am not caught up in the fears, so-called unconscious or conscious, that keep one from having freedom of mind. Here on the earth plane where you are, you have those conditions to deal with; the unconscious fear seeping into the so-called conscious self where the individual is not even aware of what is happening. Remembrances of many lifetimes and the fears gathered there besides those we develop right in this, your present lifetime. In my world, especially if one has had the kind of training I was given; fortunate indeed was I to have it after coming over here. It certainly completely obliterated all the feelings of guilt I acquired when passing into the astral world, guilt concerning the things I had taught about God and the heavenly state and hell, only to find no such states existed. Yes, I was fortunate to get the education that I did. It brought me completely up and out of the terrible fears and feelings of guilt.

IP: This education that you're speaking of that helped you so much was the education that you acquired after passing into the astral, is that not true?

Prof. Luntz: That is what I said, my dear, yes, yes.

RGM: Perhaps Mr. Palmer would be interested in knowing a little bit of your work with the Inner Circle.

Prof. Luntz: Well sir, after I had received my initiation which was my education or rather my re-education into higher understanding, I was taken into what is called the Inner Circle; the Inner Circle being a group of men and women, sixteen in all, that come from all walks of life, having vast experiences in many fields. I do indeed feel greatly honored to have been initiated into that group. Of course, all of the members like myself have other and perhaps more mystical reasons for forming this circle and

some of those reasons do not concern us alone but concern the boy through whom we speak and have to do with certain experiences he had in past lives in which we played a part; sometimes a small part and sometimes a large one. A hint to it all may be found in my saying, "No one of us ever commit an act of any kind that we do not receive the reward for it or the penalty at sometime or another." I can't say more about that at the present time.

IP: Would you like to have me present these questions now to you, Professor?

Prof. Luntz: Well, my dear, you may start wherever you see fit and I will do what I can about it and that which I can't answer I will simply depart and leave another to answer.

IP: Well, the first question, I will read all of the first question and then break it up. Is our government or other governments engaged in any definite effort to discredit or throw a smokescreen over the flying saucers, or do they know more than they admit and are they making constructive efforts to either resolve the puzzle or turn it to good effect? Now the first is, is our government or other governments engaged in a definite effort to discredit or throw a smokescreen over the flying saucers?

Prof. Luntz: No, they are not making an effort to discredit them, they are simply trying to shield the general public from knowing the truth concerning them, for they know what the people as masses are like. They have no desire to panic their people, which, to bring out the complete and whole truth suddenly, would surely do.

IP: The next question. Do government or military officials know more than they admit regarding flying saucers?

Prof. Luntz: Indeed they do.

IP: Are constructive efforts being made either to resolve the puzzle or turn it to good effect?

Prof. Luntz: Of course they are endeavoring to find a way of explaining these things in a manner that will come as a shock to the people, and they certainly will in time use the knowledge they have gained concerning these discs or saucers for new and highly advanced methods in aeronautics. And that is not the least of it. They've learned considerable more concerning the atomic world, the world of matter, chemistry, biology, heat, and many other things that are branches or may be considered branches of those that I have mentioned.

IP: The second question is: Do you know anything about the most recent discoveries of scientists re-

garding the upper atmosphere and is anything being kept secret regarding it outside of a military nature? Is it true that our atmosphere, using the term loosely, extends at least 75,000 miles outward and that it contains within it hitherto unsuspected bodies, such as orbital clusters or of meteorites, dust and so forth? Now the question is: What are the most recent discoveries of scientists regarding the upper atmosphere?

Prof. Luntz: I am pondering over the wiseness of answering that question, because it does have some military nature to it and I do not know whether I had better answer it.

IP: He asks, is there anything of a non military nature being kept secret by scientists who have made new discoveries about our upper atmosphere.

Prof. Luntz: Anything concerning the upper atmosphere at this present time does in one way or another belong to the military. Would you object to that, sir? Would you have something to say regarding it, Mr. M.?

RGM: Well, I am quite sure that anything concerning the upper atmosphere has a military significance at the present time. Perhaps you are quite right in withholding comment on that question at the present time because the information that has been acquired by scientists is classified and it perhaps would be unwise to release information of that nature.

Prof. Luntz: Thank you sir, that is precisely the way I feel about it. I want to say something concerning the atmosphere. I do not know, of course, where Ray Palmer may have gotten his facts concerning the atmosphere extending outward some 75,000 miles. In my observations of it and in my studies of it I find it does not go farther than 80 miles and then it is so rarified, one can hardly call it atmosphere.

IP: That answers the latter part of the question. The last is: are hitherto unsuspected bodies rotating in orbits around our earth?

Prof. Luntz: Yes, saucers. They have been very unexpected. They are still there.

IP: They always shall be, I suppose?

Prof. Luntz: Well, for quite some time. They are there in what may be called other frequencies than we here, your scientific men have known about before. They have been but recently detected with certain instruments. The honorable Menzel, I believe that is his name, eh?

RGM: Yes, that is right.

Prof. Luntz: He knows they are there.

RGM: What was his purpose in writing the book the way he did?

Prof. Luntz: To hide that fact, thinking the authorities believing that for a man of his position to make such statements, they would act as final thoughts concerning the discs, and the people would forget about it, but people are human beings, not sheep; although they act like it so often. Human beings are thinkers.

RGM: Was it Menzel's idea to write this book himself or was he put up to it by individuals in government or the military?

Prof. Luntz: That is right, it was suggested that he do so. Carry on my dear.

IP: Question number four. Do you know anything of a civilization whose cities are now buried under the sands of the desert at the south of the Grand Canyon and can you describe it and tell how it came to be buried, even how it may be found?

Prof. Luntz: I think that I would rather leave that to my colleague, Yada Di Shi'ite.

IP: I see. Question number five. What will be the probable effect on our weather of the hydrogen bomb tests now going on or soon to occur both in Russia and our own test areas?

Prof. Luntz: I think I shall leave that also either to Yada or to Ramon Natalli.

IP: Fine, then you have answered all the rest of the questions, Professor Luntz, and so perhaps we will wait until the other members come on.

Natalli: How do you do, I am Ramon Natalli.

IP: Good evening, nice to have you with us this evening, Ramon.

Natalli: Thank you, it is very nice to be again in your home.

IP: Yes, Ramon. Of course I know you realize what we are doing here this evening, answering the questions that Ray Palmer has sent in. Would you like to give a brief biography of your life? Professor Luntz did and I think Ray Palmer would appreciate it if you would like to do so. That's just up to you of course. Don't hesitate to say no if you wish to say no.

Natalli: I think all I shall say is that I was born in Rome, Italy and I lived in the time of the great and most honorable Galilleo.

IP: Did you know him personally?

Natalli: Yes, this man suffered greatly at the hands of the Inquisition.

IP: Yes, we've heard of that.

Natalli: I, of course, had no interest in religion and he had but little.

IP: You were interested in astronomy at that time, were you

not?

Natalli: Yes, and of course he was far advanced from me in that field, but greatly persecuted, made to suffer terrible degradations. I was agnostic. If there was a God, said I, there was a God and that's all there was to it, there was no need to argue, for whether He was or not there was nothing I could do about it. If there was one then I certainly could not know Him, therefore I would still have no argument. I belonged to the Royal house of Astronomy. It is still to me the greatest field of science. In studying the vastness of the outer regions of space and the untold billions and trillions of bodies therein, one need not think of a God. That in itself is inspiring enough and it should have told me that if all of this can exist and continue to do so through endless milleniums of time, then why not I. In the field of matter it is quite clear, even more so today, that matter cannot be destroyed, how is it possible for the very essence of matter called life to be destroyed. I did not at that time expect to survive the death of my physical body and therefore it was a pleasant surprise to discover I did. In this discovery I immedately set about with the greatest of joy to continue my favorite work. As we said some years ago, the great eye your men of science have made today— — —

IP: You are speaking of Palomar observatory?

Natalli: That is correct. It would see only another fraction of the vast number of bodies in space. You cannot now build a greater, a larger telescope. It would offer you no better view. Man now must endeavor to move his mind beyond the realm of the power of the telescope that is there in Palomar. More than this, my most extensive studies have conclusively shown to me that all of these island universes, all of it is consciousness and no more than that. When, or if consciousness ceases to exist, all therein called outer bodies, all motion will cease with it. Some of your scientists have said in your present day that the only thing that does exist is motion, but motion is a thing of the senses in the same manner as is all connected or coming out of motion. So I say when consciousness ceases to be, all that consciousness brought forth will cease to be. The thought that your present day scientists have taken matter and pulled it to pieces believing they have found a something called the adhesive substance or glue of the atom. These they call mesons. Next they are going to have to find what the nature is of the matter that holds the matter together. When there is cosmic ra-

diation the particles that reach to the earth and bury themselves deep, deep within the earth, upwards of a thousand feet, these particles are mostly mesons. The greater part of substance that these mesons come from are absorbed in the earth's atmosphere. Most of them at the high level of what is called the ionosphere. Yes, you want to say something?

IP: Yes I do, Ramon. What would you have to say in regards to scientists explaining what an atom is, that is 10 percent something and 90 percent nothing?

Natalli: All I can say about the atom is that it is—this is going to sound strange perhaps—photons moving in a continuous yet periodical or quantum arc. In other words, light waves moving in frequencies of various durations. Does this make sense to you, sir?

RGM: When you say light waves moving in frequencies of various duration, that's not completely clear to me. Maybe you could phrase it a little differently.

Natalli: Frequencies is concerned with duration.

RGM: We think of so many oscillations per second as being frequency.

Natalli: *Yes.*

RGM: And duration has the connotation of time.

Natalli: That is what I mean, moving in so many vibrations in time. To name the time would be impossible, it would have to be worked out mathematically. Is that better?

RGM: Yes, I think that is a little more clear.

Natalli: To speak about the atom is all right as long as you do not believe you are saying anything of lasting meaning, m-m-m-m.

IP: My question, Ramon. I wanted you to express yourself pertaining to the idea of 90 percent nothingness. Is there such a possibility of something working in nothing?

Natalli: This is something again, 90 percent nothing. One cannot speak of 90 percent nothing. One may speak of 90 percent something or 10 percent something but not 90 percent nothing or 10 percent nothing.

IP: That is what I think too.

Natalli: That is like trying to make something more out of one zero by putting three or four or a a thousand more zeros with it.

IP: Yes.

Natalli: This is having nothing and adding nothing to it. But the part that is supposedly 10 percent something, these are not solids as man has come to think of the word solid. Scientists speak of a substance moving through space, vast fields of it, of great density, yet

they will say some of this substance is gaseous and others in more or less solid state. There is no such state as a solid state. There are degrees of what may be called solidification but yet one cannot say that. There is more vibrations moving or vibrating in a given number of frequencies or oscillations per second, or split second that creates a measurable surface to man, to the senses, or to the instruments man creates. What would you think of that, sir?

RGM: I think that is a very good explanation.

Natalli: Thank you. Now as for what the scientists have discovered in the outer realms of space, there is yet more than the saucers.

IP: Now you are referring to the question number two that Professor Luntz answered in part?

Natalli: Yes.

IP: I guess you picked up my thought there. It was hoping you might elaborate upon it,

Natalli: Moving from outer space towards the earth is some of this substance that is of such great density. It is substance that may be called the debris of bodies being broken down in interstellar space. The island universes are constantly breaking down and building up. Matter, while it is dissipating vast quantities of itself into space, is also automatically building up. Therefore the universe shall never be destroyed, or run down, or run out of energy, or run down to what is called zero inertia.

RGM: Is this a process of consciousness that causes this to take place ?

Natalli: Yes it is, but when I make this statement your men of science will say that is purely a metaphysical statement and we cannot comment on it or pay any attention to it. Your scientists today believe that somewhere in space matter is breaking down into a practical state of nothing-ness, and that in the course of time the universes will be loosely scattered, low grade energy. There shall be no such time for such a happening, for this world of matter, and when I say this world I mean this state of matter in vibration came out of deeper realms or dimensions of what may for convenience sake be called calm. And so it cannot be destroyed, it cannot evaporate into nothingness, it cannot move back into the field it once existed in or dimension of time, or field of motion. It must stay in the position it was projected in unless another body is capable of stopping the motion that set it into being, or stopping the force that produced it out of these other time frames.

IP: That would mean to break up the vortex that it was formed

in, wouldn't it. Ramon, what would you say about the sun ever burning itself out?

Natalli: Of course not, the sun may at some time, which I may add it is working towards now and has been for quite a great period of time, towards becoming a super nova. The sun you have in your present solar system is a very small sun. It would be considered a dwarf star among other suns in space.

IP: Yes, I believe once you told us that there are suns that could hold millions of our suns and shake them around like beans in a rattle box.

Natalli: Yes, that is the truth.

RGM: When you speak about our sun becoming a super nova that will take place some great time in the future, will it not?

Natalli: Oh, it is a vast time in the future, but suns are very unpredictable. The vast time from now may be only the next moment. The substances in the sun are of a very unstable nature.

IP: The suns are not what we call solidified material, they're gaseous, is that not true? I think you have told us about that.

Natalli: They are gaseous, yes, but gasses that are pressed into tremendous densities.

IP: Do you want to elaborate upon this; is it true that our atmosphere, using the term loosely, extends outward 75,000 miles?

Natalli: This question was sufficiently answered by my honorable colleague, Professor Alfred Luntz.

IP: Out to 80 miles?

Natalli: Yes.

IP: I will go into the next question then. This is question number four. Do you know anything of a civilization whose cities are now buried under the sands of the desert at the south of the Grand Canyon and can you describe it and tell how it came to be buried, even how it may be found?

Natalli: I will leave that to my colleague, Yada Di Shi'ite.

IP: All right. Would you like to answer question five. What will be the probable effect on our weather of the hydrogen bomb tests now going on or soon to occur both in Russia and in our own test areas?

Natalli: Russia has already exploded the hydrogen bomb in the wastes of Siberia, in fact she has exploded more than the one. England exploded the hydrogen bomb in the wasteland of Australia. The effects of this is going to be world wide causing great changes in weather of a violent nature, producing mostly very violent and sudden wind storms of tremendous velocity. Besides the wind storms of a cyclonic nature, there will be

a great precipitation of rain, water, meaning you will have many great rainstorms.

IP: Are these to happen all over the earth?

Natalli: No, but will, especially at the places where they were let loose, exploded. It will cover a great part of this side of the earth, meaning here in your country, in England, in Russia, some in India but not very much. Of course India has many violent rainstorms in the monsoon season.

IP: Do you think that the explosions that have taken place recently have had anything to do with the tornadoes in the middle west.

Natalli: These are only the forerunner of what is to be if the continuation of these hydrogen bombs goes on.

RGM: At one time in the writings of another individual it was stated that some of the atomic explosions on the earth had affected other planets in the solar system. Did that actually take place and can it happen in the future?

Natalli: No, it is not affecting other planetary bodies in space. Indeed the atom bomb is only letting loose one tenth of one percent of the total energy in U_{235}. That is a very small amount, huh?

RGM: Yes, that is true.

Natalli: Think, my friends, what would happen should all of it be let loose.

RGM: It would be a thousand times as great.

Natalli: That is right. Then you could say certain other bodies in space would be affected. It would affect in this way. It would cause the positive and negative poles, what you call the magnetic poles, to be disrupted to such an extent as to cause the earth to fall out of balance, or what you call tip. Do you want to say something?

RGM: I was just wondering, considering the increased energy that can be released in the hydrogen device compared to the heavy matter type of device isn't it possible that they might go too far in this direction and upset the balance of nature?

Natalli: It is always very likely because your men of science that are experimenting in the field of hydrogen explosions are not at all certain on the outcome. They were not certain of the outcome of the experimental explosion of the atom bomb.

IP: What really happens to the atom in an atomic explosion. Does it really explode or is that a sensible question?

Natalli: In a way it is, and in a way it is not. The atom acts very much in its explosion like a dwarf star becoming a super star.

It is simply matter seeking to extend its field of operation thereby needing a greater volume of space than it had before.

IP: Does it expand and then contract, or does it just keep on expanding?

Natalli: It dissipates itself and is later absorbed by other particles in the atmosphere. Would you, sir, have anything to say about that?

RGM: That seems to be the logical way the energy would have to be dissipated because explosions so far have taken place in the atmosphere and that's where the energy would have to be dissipated.

Natalli: Yes.

RGM: I've been wondering whether or not officials of the military and governments of various countries have been warned specifically about the dangers of carrying on these hydrogen experiments?

Natalli: They know very well about it, but they feel they have the situation in hand. If I were a religious man, I would add, "Let us pray." Not that I am fearful for I am in no dangerous position myself, but I can see the possibilities of widespread destruction on the earth and complete annihilation of your entire civilization followed by 5,000 years of darkness, or savagery and ignorance. Also great and unexpected mutations could take place in all kinds of plant life and animal life and insect life, and cause other unpleasant conditions.

Yada: Sina, sina-ha (ladies and gentlemen) I am the Yada Di Shi-'ite.

Group: Good evening, Yada.

Yada: (Speaks at first in his own language of Yu, an ancient civilization which existed in the Himalaya mountains 500,000 years ago.) We could sit here all evening and if I talk in my language we get no place. I am most honored to come into your home again and to see that both of you are of good health.

RGM: Thank you, Yada, it is a pleasure to have you here again.

Yada: I would talk please on the question you were asking in this letter.

IP: Ray Palmer asks, will you give something of your life? Will you give a specific introduction of yourself to our readers telling who you were, where you lived, what you did, and where you are now, and your occupation at present? Do you wish to do that Yada?

Yada: I will do so to the best of my ability. One of my physical expressions, the one in which I acquired the title, Yada Di Shi'ite goes back into the remote period of what you would call today 500,000 years ago. I lived in a beau-

tiful and vast civilization called Yu. Yu means vast in my language. I was a Ka-Ta in the beginning of my training in the temples in the city of Kaoti. A Ka-Ta means a God-man or priest.

RGM: How do you spell Ka-Ta, Yada?

Yada: Ka-Ta, and it is a broken word; separate words. Ka means God and Ta, man. As I completed my 33rd degree in the order called Shi'ite, I was given the title of Ya-da. Ya means spirit and da means life. Therefore I am the spirit of life of the Shi'ite order. I have been back and forth on the earth plane many, many, many times in that period of 500,000 years. My last incarnation on the earth plane was 500 years ago in China.

My friends, I want to add something more please. I have had continued consciousness with no breaks, though I have come into a physical body many times. As I said, I have had no breaks in consciousness from my first experience in Yu. Before that time I suffered like you do, many breaks, going in and out of the death state to the so-called physical life state. I do not now have to return to the earth through the laws of birth, or biological laws. I am saying this for no other reason than to let you know what you shall be doing in some period of time. You also shall accomplish complete freedom from the physical wheel and have eternal consciousness. This is what all mankind is striving for. This is all he is striving for, for once he attains it he has attained his original estate; a Divine being. Not from a religious sense, because in making such attainment religion as man understands it ceases entirely to be, because it belongs to the physical plane and the lower astral planes alone. Religion, like all else that man does while he is suffering the illusion of the physical world, the world of matter, is just exactly that, illusionary. Non-existent, a dream out of which he must rise. And he rises, as I went through my experiences in the temples, by degrees, and all of man's experiences are to be classified as initiations into higher and to more complete states of awareness. I cannot imagine anything greater to strive for than the finding of yourself. Man has made many efforts to do this and is still doing it but the greater majority of ways and means and methods of so attaining are false paths and lead him to nothing. He must find himself through work. Work is experience. There is no hurry to attain. The greater the hurry, the greater our chances to fall and to fail. All the various exercises, Yogi practices, secret mantrams, sittings in meditation, deep

seated concentration, these are parts of his efforts to attainment or the finding of Himself, but no one of them leads one to the gate of freedom. We cannot barter with the Light or with what man so unknowingly calls God. All is work with sincerity and love for what we are doing and the experiences we are going through. To be fearful of our continued existence or the possibilities of losing consciousness is to retard our efforts and our final freedom. Let us move quietly with love in our hearts for all things and all efforts that we make, feeling that nothing is too hard or too difficult to go through. It is very useful, this seeking in a scientific way, to gain knowledge about man and earth, but it is merely wasted time apart from the greater issue of the divine life. Therefore in that respect we see all things that man does physically, he is playing with toys. Marking time, not wasting it; you cannot waste time. Let me turn for a moment to the question you have to ask of me please.

IP: This question is number four. Do you know anything about a civilization whose cities are now buried under the sands of the desert at the south of the Grand Canyon and can you describe it and how it came to be buried, even how it may be found? Can you tell us anything of a civilization whose cities are now buried under the sands of the desert south of the Grand Canyon?

Yada: I can tell you little about that one outside of the fact that it was a nomadic race of people belonging to the Aztec race. They left what you call Mexico today; this was back in the time of the Inquisition against the great Montezuma. These Indian people fled from their original home in South America and became nomads until they finally settled and created a kind of civilization in that region mentioned.

IP: Can you describe the cities as they used to be and how they came to be buried?

Yada: Great wind storms and dust storms obliterated the civilization. To describe these is of no value that I can see.

IP: Is their architecture similar to that found down in the regions of the Aztecs?

Yada: Yes.

IP: How may these cities be found? Excavation would be the answer to that, wouldn't it?

Yada: Yes it would. There are many such cities scattered all over the Americas, the North and South Americas, buried beneath great tons and tons of the earth and some of these are obliterated by water.

IP: Is there anything else you want to say about it, Yada? That

is the extent of the questions that weren't answered by the other members of the Inner Circle.

Yada: No, I do not think I will go further on it this evening.

HOW TO PRESENT YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE INNER CIRCLE:

The following instructions were dictated by Professor Alfred Luntz and Yada Di Shi'ite:

Questions will be answered on the following subjects:

1. Things of a philosophical nature.
   a. Religion.
   b. Reincarnation.
   c. Life after death.
2. Scientific subjects.
3. Origin of Matter.
4. Ancient History.
5. Current Events.

No answers will be given to questions pertaining to healing or diagnosis.

Please type or write plainly on one side of the paper only, and address your questions to THE INNER CIRCLE, c/o MYSTIC Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin. No questions will be returned, and all published questions and answers become the exclusive property of Irene and Mark Probert.

EDITORIAL . . .

(*Continued from Page* 21)

sult will be "experience" for mankind, and it cannot fail to *teach* him something!

Naturally we Americans would like to see communism banished forever from our daily fare, because in its present state, it is a terror to us. It threatens us first with H-bomb devastation, and next with enslavement. It *threatens* us. To the Russian people, the existence of democracy *threatens* them with H-bomb devastation and next with enslavement (to capitalism). How much "propaganda" there is here no one can say—because to some extent the feelings of both peoples are due to past experience, but an experience quite "staged" by the power groups who secretly dominate the scene on both sides, whose identity we do not really know. The best names we can give to these power groups are the seven cardinal sins (primarily greed, selfishness and the desire for leadership).

Actually all of this is for the good of all of us. We will certainly *learn* from our lives as we live them! We have no desire to change *this* principle. We have no desire to *fight* it. We are as afraid of the H-bomb as anybody else. We don't want our physical body destroyed; nor do we want our physical freedom interferred with. But we would like to *counter*

it with as much light as possible. Darkness rules the world today, and light is denied the fuel to make it burn brighter and dispel some of the darkness. Our principle then, is to add fuel to the light to make its rays visible to more people and to greater distances.

What is this light we want to raise to a higher "voltage" so that we can hold it aloft to peer into the darkness and penetrate the fog of "propaganda", "conditioning" and hypnotism that surrounds us? Is it any religious fervor, any belief, any dogma, any great psychic secret, any power over evil, any holy revival? No, it is nothing more that we want than (to put it crudely in the words of a very bad TV program) "the facts, mam; all we want are the facts."

Finding a name for these facts has been difficult. There is no "common" word to describe them; and the esoteric terminology is incomprehensible to the average man. The only word we could find that was on a common level was the name we gave to this magazine: MYSTIC. And that word falls far short of describing what this magazine intends to present, or of the principle upon which it is based. Actually it is somewhat of a handicap. But it will have to do.

Beginning with this issue we believe that we are making available some of these "facts" But here we will have to make it perfectly clear that we don't know what a "fact" is! Except that we believe the only "facts of life" are experiences. So, what we are beginning to present is that portion of the "news" which never gets past the "key man" at the wire service, except as the "scoff of the day" or as "humor" held up in a ridiculous light. For instance, the "key man", coming across a news item concerning "The Inner Circle" which is a group of discarnate entities (remember we don't know what a fact is) who operate by controlling a San Diego medium named Mark Probert, *cannot* put it on the wire with a "straight face" because 1) he would be criticised by his superiors and might lose his job (for a bad choice of news which might be "objectionable" to those who don't "believe" in discarnate entities) or 2) *he* might be laughed at or embarrassed when somebody says to him: "Say, *you* don't *really* believe in that *stuff*, do you? So if he uses it, it comes out as the "oddity of the day" and we really mean *odd*. Only safe way to present it! *We* intend to present it the unsafe way. And don't ask us if we "really believe that stuff" because we just *don't know!* This sort of thing has

been "conditioned" before we get it for so long we just haven't had *enough experience* to be able to say, one way or another, what we believe about it. But one thing we DO believe, and that is, it should be given to you *straight,* for your experience, and to supplement your other experiences, and in a measure (if that is what it does),*counter* them. Not just one side of the news, but BOTH,

Perhaps some of you will frown at some of the things we will present. You might scoff at Mrs. Lauer and her psychometric readings, begun in this issue. Or you might snort at the idea handwriting might show character. Or claim prejudicially that flying saucers are mental abberations. Or that precognition (The Man From Tomorrow) is silly. If you do, as bad as our sales figure is, we cordially invite you to quit reading MYSTIC, because if it causes you to form an *adverse* opinion, and causes you to reject the whole because the part does not agree with your "conditioned thinking", then you aren't *capable* of learning except via the H-bomb. You are then one of the "fools" we speak of. And we want no subversives in *our* camp. You just go over to the other side.

MYSTIC is aiming at the open mind. And its editors are the first to admit how closed their own minds are—due to our previous education. Your editors have, since beginning the publication of such things as MYSTIC stands for, had our minds opened to many things, and have learned the value of rejecting NOTHING. So many have laughed at us. LIFE Magazine laughed for eight pages. But they were careful not to slander us, for fear of being sued. They need not have feared—we would never sue to suppress freedom of thought! Nor are we so egotistic as to be unable to see that they *might be right!* But if we're wrong in accepting *for examination* even in the face of prior prejudice (which sometimes past experience can become), we ought to learn it the "free" way!

Perhaps we're way wrong in the idea behind our magazine. Perhaps men *cannot* learn except by actual personal experience; perhaps "proxy" experience isn't good enough. When we look at the world about us we can select hundreds of instances to support the opposite viewpoint. Let's take for instance the laboring man. We aren't going to cast slurs at the laboring man, we hasten to point out, because that is a "classification". Actually we should point directly at "Ned Nails" the carpenter who 1) is inexperienced and

doesn't know *how* to drive a nail properly, and 2) doesn't *care* whether it's driven properly or not! Why should he *learn* his trade to the best of his ability? The world *owes* him a living; his government is specifically for the purpose of *assuring* his future, paying his bills, nursing him to eternal glory after a lifetime of slipshod nailing. Why should he care if the nail comes loose after the job is done—let the buyer beware! That's the type of person to whom our new magazine will mean nothing. Actually, however, he's the person who *ought* to read it, and learn by *proxy* that his methods of nailing are bad for *him* in the long run; rather than learning, someday, that the nail he drove so carelessly has made him accessory to the fact of *murder,* if its failure results in death!

Oh how he will scoff at *that* concept! How could he conceivably be held to accounting for his responsibility? Well, maybe he can't. Certainly he can't in what we call our "span of existence", our "three-score and ten". But the proper viewpoint here *should be as obvious* to him as it seems to us; that the nail should be driven as though he WOULD be held responsible for the results of its failure to hold secure! Then he would be a MAN. Then he would *deserve* his "eternal glory" if there is such. More, none could *deny* him his reward.

But let's not preach. That is not the searching for facts. Let's rather *try to find out* with the means at hand, whether or not this is *true. Will* we be held accountable for the faulty nailing? Is there a *place* and a *time* for an accounting? Maybe we can't find out as simply as this, by simply dredging up the news that goes in the wastebasket; but certainly we can't find out if we refuse to look; or never have the opportunity to look.

The practical contractor will point out that if every nail is driven in the manner we suggest, the cost of the house will be prohibitive, because labor costs will soar all out of proportion. Well, perhaps labor is mistaken. Perhaps labor isn't worth its pay. Perhaps it isn't worth *anything.* It is the finished house which has value —not in money, but as a place to find shelter, to live and grow. The labor that went into it cannot be the house. What if the laborer who set out to build a house failed utterly, and it collapsed into its component parts when finished? Would the laborer be worth the pay he has coming? Would the house be worth anything? Obviously the house would be worthless. And just as obviously the effort

expended, the labor, the *time put in* was worthless. Time is not money. That is the trouble with Ned Nails: he believes his time and his muscular expenditure is worth *money*. Actually it is how his nails hold that has value. And even when they hold, Ned Nails is entitled only to his needs, none of which can be supplied by money. Anything in excess is his own business, and he will receive as he gives. We sometimes wonder if that wasn't why hell was invented, to provide a place where Ned Nails and his cohorts can be paid in the coin they deserve for their work.

Or *is* there a place like hell, and can MYSTIC find out anything about it? No harm in trying! The Mark Probert Controls may not be able to answer our question satisfactorily, but the least we can do is listen. If we did anything else, we'd just be another "key man" at the receiving end of another "news service", deciding willy-nilly what shall go out over the wires, and what shall go into the wastebasket. —*Rap.*

MYSTERY IN THE NEWS . . . .

LATEST mystery is the "Windshield Mystery" which began on April 15 in Seattle, Washington. It seems that windshields on cars were being mysteriously pitted and starred by something that makes a mark similar to that made when a pebble hits the windshield. More than 3000 cars in King County were damaged, many of them while under cover. Thus pebbles were ruled out, except by scientists, who, when asked, said they were undoubtedly caused by pebbles. However, two more scientists, Drs. G. E. Goodspeed and Julian D. Barksdale found meteoric particles and said they caused the damage. Once more, since some cars not exposed to meteoric particles were damaged, that was ruled out. Next the police said it was not little boys with slingshots and pebbles, because all the little boys in the neighborhood would have to work day and night and never come near approximating the damage. The Mayor of Seattle appealed to President Eisenhower, why nobody knows. Atom experts knew instantly it wasn't the H-bomb. Other experts went around with Geiger counters and found *no* radioactivity. Doubtless this was a newspaper typographical error, because there is *always* radioactivity everywhere (what is called the " normal level"). Perhaps

the experts had their counters "turned off". Anyway, the rash of damaged windshields spread west (with the wind) until they reached Wisconsin. By that time newspapers had dropped the subject (as they always do on news we'd like to follow up).

MYSTIC's explanation (we might as well put in our oar too!): Lithium particles from the H-bomb, whose radioactivity disappears in something under a month; at least most of it. Something in these particles likes to go "pop" when it hits something in auto windshields.

* * *

Bladenboro, North Carolina, has a mysterious wild animal that cries like a baby and drinks blood. Wouldn't you just know it! The catlike beast, probably a panther (with a mate) has killed at least six dogs, drained their blood, and mangled their heads. Sounds of its "crying" are like a woman in pain, barking like a coyote, crying like a baby. What else but a panther in the state from which we get "panther sweat"?

* * *

British radar has tracked another "object". It was "huge and glowing" and probably metallic.

It was estimated to be 60,000 feet up. It wasn't a meteor because it remained in sight from "2:30 to 3:10 in the afternoon" and was reported by many witnesses including Sgt. Harry Waller. Two other RAF flyers had one pass them at 20,000 feet at "tremendous speed". It was "far overhead".

* * *

Are you afraid of going blind? Don't despair. George Lafleur's Christmas present was a picture of himself sent over television. Strange gift for a blind man? Not at all —because George can see television! He wouldn't have recognized himself, but he knew in advance the picture was going to be broadcast. He was surprised at the size of his ears. George lives in Ottawa, Canada, and he's a printer. He's thinking of buying a TV camera to take pictures of his proofs so he can read them himself!

* * *

Here we go again! Marine pilot Capt. Dan C. Holland, decorated World War II and Korean pilot, flying a Marine jet F9F photography plane, saw a saucer over the Atlantic, while flying with four other planes. It was shaped like Saturn, "a circle-ball affair with a ring around the lower portion. The ball part was white in color and the ring seemed to be of shining gold. I haven't the slightest idea what it was. I always thought anyone who saw a flying saucer ought to have his head examined." Now Dan, how about

your head? Why didn't you take a picture of it? Or *did* you?

* * *

Cleveland, Ohio. Benny Mason was in the numbers racket in Cleveland, but he got killed in an auto accident. Followers checked their dream books for the number of death (it's 769) and everybody bet on that number. Number 769 hit, costing the numbers racket a half-million dollars. It put some of them out of business. The number comes from the clearing-house numbers and from the Dow-Jones ticker, picked from a vertical combination of three averages. The same thing happened in January 1953 when a quarter of a million was lost by the operators on the same number. Quite a coincidence! Or is it?

* * *

Several residents of Proctor, a small community across the Kentucky River from Beattyville, reported on March 27 they had sighted three strange, silent objects pass over at a low altitude, silhouetted against the sunset-reddened sky.

The unidentified "things in the sky" were estimated to be only 150 feet overhead, and the observers said one appeared to be "as big as a house." On each side of it, they reported, was a smaller one, "about as big as a car."

The CAA control tower at Blue Grass Field said, when asked, that no strange objects had been sighted in the sky, but tower observers commented that the "things" sighted by Proctor residents might have been cloud formations.

All were described as oblong in shape.

The observers said they heard no sound and saw no lights.

They said the objects were travelling slowly and were in sight for several minutes. They disappeared along the Kentucky River valley in the direction of Lexington.

As the "things" neared the horizon, the two smaller ones seemed to increase their speed.

Mrs. Andy Combs, one of three persons who reported the sighting said her young daughter first saw the objects as she played in the yard, and they "nearly scared her to death." Her husband, an Army veteran, also saw the black shapes.

Hamp Mainous reported that he saw the objects as he drove his car along a hillside above Proctor. He said he stopped the vehicle, got out and watched a short time, then continued into town before they disappeared.

Brack Little also reported seeing the missiles.

All who saw the "things" agreed on the description and estimated altitude.

* * *

YOUR FUTURE

By

Dorothy Spence Lauer

We'd all like to know what tomorrow will bring. Is it possible to know? Here is an experiment to prove it!

Editor's Note: Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Ordinarily she needs but an object belonging to, or handled by, the subject, or the presence of the subject, to become aware of the psychic influences from which she draws her information. However, for the sake of expediency in providing her with a sufficiently strong personal psychic impression, the editors of this magazine hit upon the playing card method. By laying out the cards, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given at the end of this article, and by writing them down on the chart, we hope that a sufficiently powerful psychic impression will be made to enable the medium to receive the information she seeks. We have made this service available to our readers purely in an experimentative atmosphere, in an attempt, first, to determine whether or not this ability is of a nature both real and valuable; and second, to provide you with an interesting bit of entertainment. Naturally we cannot publish all the requests for readings we receive, but we will forward all charts to Mrs. Lauer, asking her to select several which give her the strongest and most interesting impression, for publication entirely free in this department of MYSTIC Magazine. We assume no further responsibility for the charts. If you wish to correspond personally with Mrs. Lauer, we will be glad to forward your letters. If you wish to

take part in this bit of psychic research (or, if you prefer, this interesting little game), you are entirely welcome. Merely fill in the chart as directed, and if your reading is sufficiently interesting, we will publish it. We cannot enter into any personal correspondence however, much as we regret our inability to do so.

IS it possible to foretell the future? Can we exercise the power Dr. Rhine, the famous Duke University experimenter into the psychic, has discovered scientifically to be an actuality? It is my opinion that we can, and it is also my opinion that I possess, in some small measure, this power of precognition and psychometry. I have long been able to see things without eyes, foretell coming events, sense the forces behind personal problems.

This month, in order to begin this new experiment in MYSTIC Magazine, I have selected a chart sent me by Mrs. Charles Neumann, 1822 S, 12th St. Sheboygan, Wisconsin. If the things I tell her actually come to pass, both the editors of MYSTIC and myself would be happy to have Mrs. Neumann confirm them at a later date, so that the results may be reported to the readers of this magazine.

The following are the psychic impressions I received from Mrs. Neumann's chart:

* * *

Try to be calm; at times you worry yourself almost sick. Someone who has been a little harsh with you, seems to be sorry. They will tell you they just didn't understand, if you give them a chance to prove their regret. This will make you happy. Someone opens the door to their home to you, much to your surprise.

There is a turmoil around your home. Another wishes to move in. This will be best for you, but right now you do not feel too happy to hear of it. When this does take place, the open door mentioned previously will be satisfactory to you, being nearby.

A telephone call or telegram from a distance is very good. Do not destroy important papers while moving. They are old, but valuable. You will not move into a single room, but much happier surroundings.

You have a wish you may have to change a little, though you cannot now see how changing the wish would make you happy; the

change will be much to your benefit, but you will have to release the wish as you now have it; don't insist it to be so *exact*. Would any one be disappointed because you will not lend them money for a car? I can almost hear you say: "Where would I get money to lend for a car?" However, it is there, but do not use it in this direction *regardless* of how important it may sound.

An offer for a pleasant trip. An unexpected guest, someone you think a great deal of, but through a misunderstanding, there has been a parting of the ways. This is all cleared up. You will recall the person, but feel I am wrong, but you will truly say: "I didn't expect that!" A professional person, doctor, lawyer, dentist or other professional person, will offer you sound advice. You seem offended, but the advice should be followed, even though you do not want to follow it. You may need the services of a lawyer; don't try to do it alone, as one wrong signature on a paper, and a loss will occur. You have a pessimistic outlook on the future; this is not true, as many fine things will happen to you. Is there a defective article in your home? Think hard! This could cause an accident, and could be painful. It is a defect you have overlooked many times, but know is there.

Many changes in the future, for your own benefit for a change! Use caution in money matters. Christmas was bleak for you, but next Christmas finds a happier outlook. A letter from an old friend. Many alarming things about your country, but they will not materialize. You are emotional about them, but avoid this, as it could cause an upset in your health. Don't listen to idle gossip about someone you love dearly. It is told to turn you from that person.

Money comes unexpectedly, but belonging to you; something that has been kept from you. You know about this; past has been unhappy over this condition. Much to your surprise, it clears up in your favor.

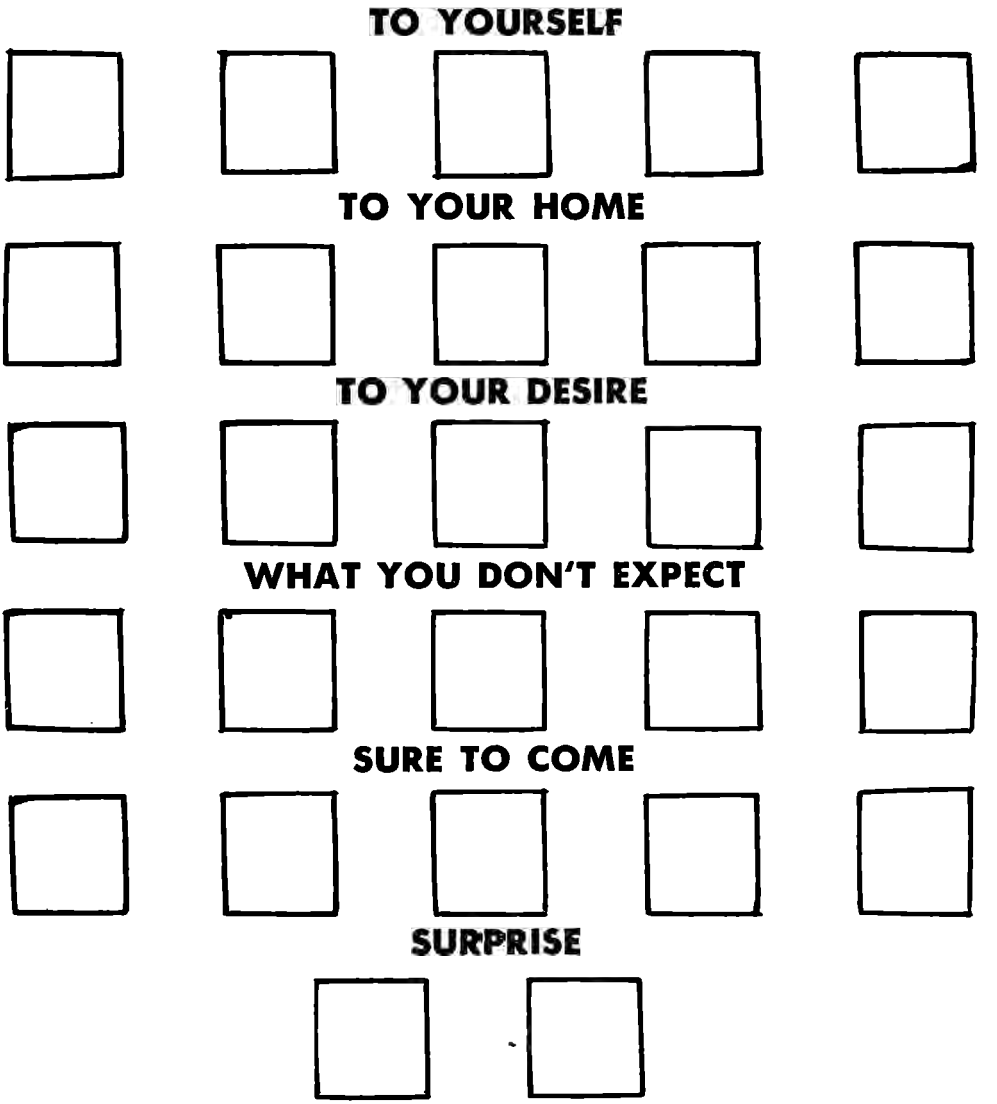
Dorothy Spence Lauer

* * *

On December 15, 1953, Mrs. Lauer, entirely unsolicited, made eight predictions concerning your editor. Six of these came true to the letter. Two others have not materialized due to the time element. None of the things, all specific, could have been known to Mrs. Lauer, and in fact, were unknown to your editor. We therefore request that readers keep us posted of Mrs. Lauer's accuracy, for the record. Meanwhile, we invite you to send in your own chart.

THIS IS YOUR PSYCHOMETRIC CARD LAYOUT

Instructions: Shuffle cards, meanwhile concentrating on your problems. Lay out five cards in a row, face up, from top of deck, then discard five; lay out five more cards in a second row, and discard five; and so on until you have five rows of five cards each, and 25 cards discarded. Lay out last two cards in sixth row. Write denominations and suit of cards in corresponding squares below, using pencil, as ink will blot.



Tear out this entire sheet and mail to:
MYSTIC MAGAZINE, Psychometry Dept., Amherst, Wisconsin

The Man from TOMORROW

By William Broderick

I HAD just finished reading MYSTIC and was thinking of some of the things I had been reading, particularly the "Man From Tomorrow" when ideas suddenly began flowing into my mind (which just goes to show how stimulating your new magazine is) and a vision of the future came up before my eyes. I sat back in my chair and gave up any attempt to think in order to let any ideas which might come up sink in.

Today, man is becoming conscious of great truths. Everywhere we see great changes being made in our mode of thinking. The modern views of both science and religion are reflecting the truths which have been maintained by the mystics through the ages. Despite man's apparent inhumanity in this so called age of civilization, man is learning to take a more understanding viewpoint toward the mistakes of his fellow

This is MYSTIC Magazine's "department of prophecy." In the past, some sensational prophecies have been made, which have come to pass. Generally they consist merely of random thoughts of your editor. But we also publish prophecies by any of our readers who care to "get in on the act." The purpose of the department is to prove, by actual prophecies published, and a record kept of those that come true, whether or not we do have a stange sense of pecognition. You ae invited to join the editor in his unusual experiment. Can you foretell the future? Are you also a "man from tomorrow?"

men. Psychology may account for this but psychology was born in men and had its beginning in the ideals of men. Science no longer looks upon the universe as a mass of unrelated phenomena but instead looks upon it as a vast system arising from common building blocks of basic energy. Science has shown that the difference between wood and stone is the difference in the arrangement of electrons in the atoms and not so much a difference in the substance of which a thing is formed. The only difference in the electrons is that some vibrate with a positive polarity and others with a negative polarity. Religion no longer looks upon God as an old man sitting up in the sky but instead has broadened its viewpoint and conceives God as a universal being, existent everywhere, which is of course, in entire agreement with the mystical doctrine of a universal diety.

In the relatively near future man will undergo a radical change of opinion regarding himself. As evolution takes it course man will develop within himself many of the mystic powers. This is only natural because the intensive research being carried on today in the fields of psychic phenomena and para-psychology will eventually lead to the fact that everyone has certain extra-sensory faculties which can be developed and in time the development of these faculties will be taught in our institutions of learning. It will be as compulsory as learning to read and write is today. With the development of extra-sensory perception, and later, Cosmic Consciousness, man will begin to understand things which were totally unknown to him before.

Out of this understanding will rise an entirely new civilization. His sociology today will seem as primitive as that of the cave-man is to us. Our scientific advances will seem like those of the bronze age in comparison. And I reiterate, this age which is coming is no more than five hundred years ahead of us.

There will be no more wars, for the world will be under a world-wide government. Instead of nations there will be states, each with its own individual government to look after the individual needs of each state. But all the governments of the world will be united in one government.

The form of government will be democratic in principle. All disputes will be settled arbitrarily by the supreme government thus avoiding war or violence of any kind. The supreme government will have the power to back up

its decisions, the power being granted to it by all the state governments. Therefore, no state will dare to try to overrule the supreme government. The organization of governments however will not be built on a fear basis but on a basis of co-operation. This is the objective of our United Nations today.

Crime will be regarded as the result of mental aberrations and anyone committing a crime will be placed in an institution and given psychiatric treatment as mental cases are today and not released upon society until they are cured of any and all criminal tendencies. The objective will not be to punish the criminal but to cure him. Such things as the strap, capital punishment, and solitary confinement will be done away with and in their place will be understanding and help. Society will try its best to make its criminals useful men and women rather than burdens. Our present methods of dealing with criminals will be regarded in the same light as we regard drawing and quartering, thumb screws, and the burning stake.

On the social level, we will find that riches of society will be more evenly distributed. Such a thing as being in hunger and want will be a thing of the past. Each person will be trained to fill some position in society. He will be free, of course, to do the work which he wants to do, but there will be certain conditions not evident today.

More skilled workers will be needed, for the work of tomorrow will be largely the operation of huge and complicated machines, or else in the laboratories of great research plants. There will be more executive duties due to the greater political machine and due to the greater production of food, clothing, and other needs of society through mechanical processes. In fact, this stage of society will be what some people call today, a technocracy.

Money as we use it today will have little significance in the world of tomorrow. Instead, each person will receive from his place in the social scheme only that which he puts into it. If a man would enjoy the benefits of living in society he must work for them. Because of the ample abundance of the world's needs, however, he will be amply rewarded for his labors. In fact, the average family will live far more luxuriously than it could today and with far more leisure than the working family can afford today. It will be possible for the average family to take a two-month holiday each year, and the working day will be about six hours, giving the working man much more time for relaxation than he

has today.

Because knowledge will be considered worthwhile in a manner different from today people will be urged to study, and in fact, the average person of tomorrow will be far more familiar with the arts and sciences than we are today. Religion and science will walk hand in hand. Philosophy will have a rebirth and the arts will flourish. The marvels of ancient Greece and Rome will take second place to the marvels of this future age.

Because of the great advances in science and medicine, most of the diseases which man suffers from today will be non-existent. Old age will be pushed back many years and the average life span will be about one hundred twenty years.

Physically, man will be almost perfect. All the vitamins which he so greatly needs will be a part of his daily diet, and proper exercise will be almost compulsory.

The method of treating those illnesses which do crop up from time to time will be little different from the methods which we use today except that there will be the added method of magnetic healing, accomplished by what is known as the laying on of the hands. This is merely the utilizing of the vital life force, which is in the body, for healing purposes.

On another plane, communication will be as different from the means used today as the telephone and radio are different from the antiquated method of carrier messenger. Mental telepathy will be the most usual means of communication except when people are close enough to talk to each other. Radio however will still be used for mass communication as it is today, minus the commercials.

Radio stations and other large public service concerns will be operated by the government, and not by individual owners.

Space travel will be incidental. Man will have reached the moon and many of the other worlds of our solar system, and the natural resources of these planets will have been put to work for him.

Man will find that he is not alone in the universe, that there are others not unlike himself scattered throughout the universe. Some of these he will actually meet. He will find that many of these races are far more advanced than he and that there are others who have yet to rise to man's height.

Even now we are being watched and surveyed by our cosmic brothers, but they will not contact us until we have become a great deal more civilized than we are today. At present time man could not

understand or deal properly with such a situation and also, Cosmic Law forbids the interference of one race with the evolution of another.

For about a thousand years man will enjoy his new-found place in the scheme of things, and then will come Armageddon, the battle which man has been dreading for thousands of years. But it will not be the battle that man believes it will be. No, it will be far different than anything that man can conceive of today. And it will not be the end of the world, but the beginning of a new one.

I find it difficult to express in words the battle which will take place, for it will not be a battle as we understand battles, but rather, it will be a war of man against his own nature.

With his greater vision he will perceive what must be but his physical nature will rebel against it, for Armageddon will be the coming of the God within man. It will not be a material kingdom but a kingdom within the hearts and minds of all men everywhere.

Man and God will be reconciled. Paradise will be restored, and man will take his place in the universal brotherhood, and truly, as the Bible says, the lion and the lamb shall walk together, and a little child shall lead them.

To these, your editor would like to add a few more imminent predictions; those that will come true during 1954.

Wilson's disease, a degenerative disorder of the brain and liver, will be partially overcome by means of a treatment involving copper.

Our whole "history of the past" will be upset by astounding revelations due to the carbon-14 dating method. It will be found that events must be greatly telescoped, especially in regard to geologic ages, and man's tenure on this earth will be shoved back as far as 75,000 years.

More than ten million dollars will be spent on cosmic ray research, and the upper atmosphere will become the most important frontier in history. Because of discoveries relating to the upper atmosphere all plans for space travel or space stations will be set much further back into the future.

Second largest field of research will be via radio-telescope. The discovery, through radio-telescopy, that we have dozens more planets in our own solar system will begin a whole new approach to astronomy, and to physics, as a direct result. Einstein's theories will be partially discounted, and the velocity of light will be found to be anything but the constant it has been supposed. In fact, it will be

found to be the most variable of all velocities!

Electronic eyes will take over astronomical observation, and results will be tabulated mathematically on graphs and charts. This will be caused by the discovery that more worlds exist that are invisible to the range of wavelength of the human eye than come within that narrow limitation.

Color television will arrive in full force by the end of 1954, and will bankrupt hundreds of publishing, and other companies.

A network of guided missile defense stations will be set up around the whole northern perimeter of the continent, and thousands of needle-sharp noses will point into the air on guard. Radar warning of approaching planes or missiles will render any unwarned attack impossible. The United States airforce personnel will outnumber Canadian personnel on actual duty in the Arctic Circle.

There will be a series of H-bomb tests in the Pacific and in Russia. The result will be a growing trend to "talk" on the part of the world's governments. An unforseen result will be the most fantastic weather conditions ever recorded.

There will be a new wave of flying saucer sightings—but no explanation from any source.

Business depression will become an overwhelming wave, but its effects will be violently haphazard, reflecting a paradoxical appearance of great prosperity in some quarters, and absolute ruin in others.

Unemployment will be the most-talked-of "plank" for the next presidential election, replacing the present emphasis on "communism in government" and in your alphabet soup. (*Written Nov.* 12, 1953)

YOUR HANDWRITING

By Professor J. S. Maxwell

Handwriting Analysis isn't just a mystic hocus-pocus, but an actual science based on mental and physiological factors.

YOUR handwriting is the mirror of your mind. In it are reflected all of the impulses, inhibitions, repressions, and frustrations of your inner life. All nervous and muscular movements

originate in the brain; your hand merely holds the pen, but it is your mind that directs the movement of your hand as you write.

Just as the geologist studies rock formations to get at the hidden record of the earth, likewise a graphologist studies letter formations in an attempt to discover the hidden record and resources of the individual's personality.

What are your weaknesses? What are the strong points of your personality? What are your capabilities? All are revealed in your handwriting.

How much of your activity is influenced and directed by your subconscious mind may be revealed by the way you dot your "i's" or cross your "t's." To what extent your life is controlled by your conscious mind may be found in the way you make your "a's" and "o's." The way you write an "e" may be the clue to your ability.

A signature unintelligibly scribbled at the end of a letter or on a check may be of no particular significance to the one who reads the letter or cashes the check, but to a trained graphologist it tells the complete story of the individual, his anxieties, hopes and capabilities.

Handwriting analysis, more rapidly than any other known psychological test, furnishes clues to the conscious and unconscious motivations of the human personality.

Oft times in handwriting the beginnings of a physical or mental disorder can be detected long before any other clinical manifestations are present.

Your handwriting, when happy and contented, looks a great deal different than when you are sick and nervously over-wrought.

Have you got any old school books around the house in which you have written something—maybe you have an unfinished letter to an aunt or an uncle—maybe you keep a diary? Take a look at it, especially if it's a few years old. Now write something on a piece of paper and compare it with something that is in your diary of a few years back. A good look should convince you of the proof of how your handwriting has changed through the years.

Some people are more aware of the changes that take place in their personality than others. However, changes do take place in our psychic life; what we think, how we feel, what our attitude in general is, and thow these attitudes change—in fact all of the changes in our personality are irrevocably charted in our handwriting, just as the changes in our earth are charted irrevocably in the rocks.

Beauty is not always compatible

with sexual passion; sorrow withers it; anger disfigures it. It is tender passion alone that gives it its charm.

If a lover who writes to his mistress is agitated by a violent passion to possess her sexually, he will unwittingly reveal it in his handwriting.

It is a well known medical fact that fear renders the movements of a person tremulous and uncertain. Fear, melancholy, pride, greediness, deceit—all feelings, good and bad alike—show up in the way that words are written. When it was first claimed that character both mental and moral could be read in a person's handwriting. skeptics attempted to discredit the assertions as some new mesmeric outrage on common sense. However, years of investigation have vindicated these findings. Many philosophers and monks of the Middle Ages privately believed that handwriting was a key to a man's character. They did not say so openly for fear of being burned at the stake for advocating witchcraft and demonology. One of the greatest minds that ever lived wrote in 1826 that a man's writing was verily his face.

In present day Europe graphology is accepted as an invaluable aid to the physician, to the psychiatrist, and to the police. It has aided the physician in diagnosing physical ills, the phychiatrist in detecting psychological disorders, and the police in apprehending criminals.

The seers of ancient times realized that handwriting held secrets of the human personality, which, properly understood, could help people understand themselves.

An English poet once wrote:

"On earth there is nothing great but man,
In man there is nothing great but mind."

Some men have formulated many tests calculated to reveal the mysteries of the mind. Others have probed into the obscure places of the human personality and left us elaborote theories which can be used as guide posts for further investigation. However, you furnish a record of your most secret self every time you write a letter and the one who holds the key can unlock the secrets of your innermost being.

THE MAN AT MY BED

By Mrs. Pearl McKay

IN the summer of 1941 I was staying at a rooming house in Coalgate, Oklahoma. The landlady had given me the second room from the head of the stairway on the right side. I slept daytimes as I could not sleep nights by myself. One night I went to bed about 11:00 o'clock, as I was going to help a cousin move some furniture in his home. He wanted me to be there at 6:00 o'clock in the morning.

I awoke and was sitting on the side of the bed smoking a cigarette and watching a truck that had pulled into the service station across the street. Finally I decided to try to go back to sleep. I lay on my stomach with my feet sticking out over the foot of the mattress and the bed. I had lain there for a few minutes when it felt as if someone had me by both ankles, pulling me off the bed. I kicked and pulled back, turning on my back. I looked around thinking someone had entered my room, but saw no one, so I thought I had dozed off and dreamed it.

Suddenly the foot of the mattress went down, as it does when a person sits down. Again I looked, but still no one, and the neon lights from the service station plainly illuminated the whole room. The end of the bed went up again and footsteps sounded walking to the head of the bed. I was so scared I couldn't move. The footsteps stopped at the head of the bed. I looked up at the figure of a man standing there, and his face looked like one dead a long time.

I couldn't say a word. Suddenly it reached out its hand as if to touch me. I found my voice and screamed: "get out of here." It disappeared.

I turned on the light and left it on.

Later I learned from the landlady that others had had the same experience in the room. As for me, I never had it again, for I wouldn't sleep in that room again for a thousand dollars.

* * *

The SEANCE CIRCLE . . .

Letters from the Undead

Dear Ray:

First off—I am enclosing my subscription to Mystic as substantial proof of my opinion of the magazine. I think you have entered a much needed field in bringing this information to the public and that you are presenting it in such a way as to reach the greatest number of people. I myself have been simply fascinated with the material in it.

Now will you do something for me? In the May issue of the magazine there is a letter from Gordon W. Hackbarth of Seattle, Washington. He states that he formerly owned a copy of Manly Hall's large encyclopedia of Alchemical, Hermetic and Rosicrucian philosophies, which was destroyed by fire, and that he has never been able to get together the $175 or $200 necessary to replace it.

Not two days ago (coincidence?) I received a 1954 price list from the Metaphysical Library and Book Shop, 85 Post Street, San Francisco 4, California. Among other things they list over 40 books by Manly P. Hall, and included is an Encyclopedia of Hermetic Quabbalistic and Rosicrucian Symbolic Philosophy at $12.50. If this is the book he is after, they have probably issued a new edition.

Dorothy W. Dorn
2491 Ellsworth Street
Berkeley 4, California

There you are, Dorothy. I hope this is the book Mr. Hackbarth wants.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer,

Your two flying saucer articles leave me still in the position of a doubting Thomas. It would be wonderful to believe that there were friendly, somewhat super human beings keeping protective watch over our adolescent civilization. But somehow the idea seems to follow the old familiar plot that has been used often, how often, by fantasy and science fiction writers. All the way from "Maza to the Moon". to "The Day the Earth Stood Still". However, I am waiting to be convinced, if some *Mystic* readers who believe sincerely in the saucers would like to write. My address is 2042 Darwin Avenue, SW, Grand Rapids 7, Michigan. I'm putting my address in the body of the letter because Ray Palmer has a habit of putting the name and city only after the letters in the Seance Circle.

About the other stories in the March issue. "Assignment to Life" brings the thought — aren't we all, in a way, born to a purpose? Maybe it's to be a general or president, maybe a garbage collector. But I believe God has a purpose for every person on earth, if we would only try to find what that purpose is.

On the "Kid with the Beautiful Hands", I can only comment. If the kid was the personification of

Jesus as is hinted, would he have healed his own hands? If Melva Rogers will remember, Jesus never healed himself, even on the cross—only others. "Winter Scene" presented a fascinating thought; "Earthbound" a little variation on the haunted house theme; "Devil's Dollhouse", a much better than average mystery with a spine-chilling ending.

Let me add that I would like to hear from other *Mystic* readers, especially in the Grand Rapids-Kent County area.

Floyd Hilliker
2042 Darwin Ave. SW
Grand Rapids 7, Mich.

First, Floyd you'll notice we are now including the addresses of our readers, so that they may correspond if they wish. About the Kid With The Beautiful Hands, we thought it was obvious the reason for the healing of the hands was to impress those who witnessed it, and form a basis for their decision to "go straight".—Rap.

Dear Ray:

The title page (or page of contents) of the 3rd issue of MYSTIC is a great improvement. I've been part way into the first three issues and have the urge to make some comments on a couple of points brought up in *The Seance Circle.*

Concerning the *angle-angel* business brought up by Evelyn M. Fischer: Your theory about the English language is not under discussion here, but I fail to see any reason to connect *angle* and *angel* liguistically (and I don't think that is your intent at all). *Angle* is a simplification of the older *Angel,* which ultimately is connected with the Latin *angulus, (angellus)* and Greek *anXo,* meaning a 'corner' among other things. The Germanic people were called *Angels* because of the hook-like nature of their home in Denmark. In Old English there is a noun, *angel,* meaning 'fishhook', and we still speak of anglers today. The word *Angel* (with soft g) can also be traced back to another Greek word, *Angelos,* meaning 'messenger'; and I don't believe it can be connected with 'ankle', 'ancylostomiasis', or 'anchor', which can be connected with *Angel* (hard *g*). Considering the evidence that the Indo-European languages were in evidence before the "lost tribes" were ordered sent to Media (somewhere in the neighborhood of 700 B.C.), and English is made up mostly of Indo-European stems, it seems hardly likely that one or more of the "lost tribes" could have found their way to England—especially since they would have had to go through the country of the rather fierce Germanic and Celtic tribes and discarded their Semitic language in the meantime. All of which proves nothing, but it seems that it is only wishful thinking to believe that the "lost tribes" escaped assimilation by their conquerors.

The main reason for this letter is to bring your attention to a statement you made in the January issue in answer to a letter from Tillman L. Martin. You said: "So far as I know there isn't a word, even in Latin, which is spelled that way."—referring to "stition". Well, not exactly, but both you and Mr. Martin seemed to have overlooked

the Latin verb *sisto, stiti,* etc., which is a reduplication of Latin *sto-stare-status.* It is from this *stiti* that we get 'superstition', and the Latin *superstition* (*superstitiones*) is a combination of *super* and *sisto* (*not sto*), and it meant the same as it does today plus other meanings of a religious nature. I won't attempt to go into the semantic nature of the word any further. However, it might be significant that the old Latins attached meanings to the word that we don't generally associate with it today. I have noticed that a 1951 edition of a dictionary I have lists the word as deriving from *super* and *stare,* which I think is misleading because *sisto* (though connected with *sto*) has some difference of meaning.

James F. Cook
226 E. Harper Ave.
Lenoir, N. C.

Thanks Jim.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Of the three magazines you publish—*Science Stories, Universe* and *Mystic*—the one I find the most interesting and await so impatiently, is the latter. Why *Mystic* has become my favorite is easy to understand, for it contains much material of a factual nature. Ones that activate my mind under the implications. Articles on flying saucers, spiritualism, etc.

Covers of the three issues of *Mystic* so far printed have been good enough to warrant my saving. Editorials are fine, thought-provoking. Interesting too, is each feature —"The Man From Tomorrow," "Mystery In The News," "The Seance Circle." "True Mystic Adventures," like all other True Stories, can't be beat for sheer interest. And the stories which make up the bulk of the magazine have all been of sound calibre, several earning the "excellent" mark.

Now, what I am anxious to see in *Mystic* is a fact-fiction story (true article would be more to my liking) written by the one-and-only Richard S. Shaver! How he could make with the words! Boredom would vanish in an instant when a contribution of his was begun. Interest and excitement would hold me spellbound until the reading of the final word.

This being the case, is it any wonder that I would be delighted to read "Richard S. Shaver" on the contents page of *Mystic?* No wonder at all. And I can't be alone. There must be many, many thousands of Shaver fans who read your magazine and share my hopes. So, how about it, Mr. Palmer? What are the possibilities?

Alex Saunders
34 Hillsdale Ave. W.
Toronto 12, Ontario

About Shaver, we've asked him to tell us all about it, this time with the fiction removed! Stay with us, you'll get everything you ask.—Rap.

Dear Ray:

If you wonder about the familiarity of the salutation of this letter it is because after reading some of your stories, editorials, Man from Tomorrow, etc., you seem like an old acquaintance. I like what you write and agree with most of your philosophy.

About *Mystic*. I like it, but if we must have true stories coudn't we cut them down to maybe just one or two, and use that extra space for fiction? After all that's why we read *Fate*, for true stories. This Angelucci thing, don't you think the "Nationalism" written in it is enough to discount it without looking further?

In my other letter I asked where I could get the Shaver Mystery to read. I have seen so many references to it that it has me very curious. I also asked how the man from tomorrow could make such positive statements regarding beings living above the earth. I am still waiting for these answers.

Oh yes, the check is for extending my subscription to Mystic.

Joseph B. Gunter
P. O. Box 104
Vero Beach, Fla.

We presented Angelucci's story without a thought as to "nationalism". However, we don't agree that it is "nationalism". Angelucci himself would be bewildered at the charge —if it can be called a charge. He is interested only in the religious —occult aspect of his experience, whatever it eventually turns out to be.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I like you now, in your new imbodiment, MYSTIC MAGAZINE. As a front-man for Richard S. Shaver, you caused me to seek my fantasy literature elsewhere. Then too, I heard that you would not even consider a story which used the word "reincarnation".

You understate terribly when you claim Bea is the most beautiful spot of femininity. Now most people don't know it, but that wild idea called Lilith, with whom Adam was said to have had affairs prior to Eve, was just Eve in her pre-natal state; an assembly of rapidly cohering feeling yearning, thirsts, desires, etc . and brother wot such an ethereal girl right inside a man could do! So when she got born into a body and personality of her own, she marked the end (or was it the beginning?) of Adam's perfect day. Now imagine Adam, with Eve as a fellow human being, plus the memories of her uterine Lilith condition. Only of course Lilith was an "essence" prevailing throughout old Adam's structure, not just in his womb, if he had one. If you do not believe all this, consider the symbol of the Technocrats the divided Monad. That shows Adam and Lilith having an affair, or about to. The plain circle would be old Adam minus thrill (from my new book).

Now you see wot I mean by understatement, and you know how I felt the one time I met Bea and even danced with the radiant presence whose nearness sweeps me into close harmony with Kwan Yin, Mulaprakriti, Saravasti, Narada and other god-forms who maintain the background for all that is beautiful beyond the power of human expression!

I believe manifestations from invisible planes are quite possible, having seen one or two most elementary things myself. But without some study of the hierarchical structure of the universe and of man himself . . . of the "Universal

Personnel", as I like to call it, also of the technique of clothing an activated energy-focus in a garment perceptible to denizens of some other plane, we must be cautious in our wild suppositions about these flying saucers and other strange phenomena. Was it Swedenborg who saw the plane he christened "Summerland" . . and swelp me, all the people in it were dressed in Swedish peasant costumes! The grand old seer dressed his people in the style to which he was accustomed.

It is more likely that any higher-ups who wish to help mankind will do it psycho-mentally. Or if someone like your Mr. Angelucci has a real basic love for mankind so that an Adept would visit him in the mayavi-rupa, there would be no need for the story about the disc. Anyway, the message in Mr. Angelucci's story is genuine, and the idea of "hands off", as the Being told Orfeo, according to Hoyle, as I understand it.

MYSTIC Magazine seems nice and clean, impartial, and just what a philosopher can enjoy. I like the SEANCE CIRCLE. Seems to me the letterwriters are persons of a more thoughtful nature than in many mags.

I think a true story has got to be derned well written to be good. Now that Louis Sztrokay should be a second Bram Stoker! His story is good enough to be fiction yet rings true. I would believe his story much sooner than any flying saucer tale I have yet seen.

Have not yet read the fiction stories. I mean in current issue. Mr. Stemons with his double-barrelled moon has my everlasting sympathy. But let him not take cyanide till he gets to read my new book, "The Silly, Simple, Sexy Sixties". Anybody who will take the trouble to consider human welfare, even from the superficial aspect of economics and sociology and will put down in writing, has done well indeed. Thoughts are far more dense and more lasting than material objects, and the impressions this writer has projected onto the universal recording-tape will benefit mankind ultimately, without question. I wonder if Mr. Stemons ever heard the doctrine that when a spark from the divine starts on its long evolutionary journey toward self-consciousness, it gets its very first imbodiment substance from a thought in some man's mind?

Miles MacAlpin
Box 44
Maplewood, Oregon

Let's straighten out the matter of "front man" for anybody. Do you find my "fronting" for mysticism, the occult, search into the unknown more palatable? Where is the difference? To my personal way of thinking, Shaver is a very strange phenomenon. What he says may not be literally true, but it HAPPENED to him. What WE want to know is WHAT happened to him? In Amazing Stories, *I was working for a salary, gained many promotions until I got to the top of the heap editorially, because I was "front man" enough to rake in the shekels for the company. What interested me, personally, was the NATURE of the material that accomplished this. I haven't yet*

found the answer. Shaver says he can answer. Am I to refuse him the chance? Am I to refuse our readers the chance to decide for themselves? You say you've seen manifestations from invisible planes. Are you SURE? Shaver will tell you you are the victim of ray projections from the scientific machines of the caves. WHICH is it? Or is it neither? As for your reaction to Bea, you certainly went for her in a big way, didn't you? Careful of your bloodpressure! About Lilith, that's one thing we'd like to discover the facts. Swedenborg's people wore the clothing they would be expected to wear, if Swedenborg's story is true. When Swedes go to Heaven, would it be logical to have them switch to Spanish clothes? And we must assume Swedenborg went to a Swedish heaven, or does that offend you? Would an area directly above Sweden be considered Swedish territory? And if heaven is up, don't the national boundaries go up also? Interesting thought, isn't it? Yes, MYSTIC is impartial. And so should you be. If Shaver's caves don't exist, or are something else, we'll dig it out, if we can. Let's try.

—Rap.

Dear Ray Palmer:

In your March magazine you told of an airplane crash in Alaska in which no bodies were found. They *were* found and brought here for burial.

Virginia Hening
1026 Marquette Ave., NW
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

*Thanks, Virginia, for giving the lie to the newspaper reporter who deceived the public so.—**Rap.***

Dear Ray Palmer:

I have just read your May issue of *Mystic*—which is the first one I've seen.

A few weeks ago I read Desmond Leslie's and George Adamski's "Flying Saucers Have Landed". Apparently there are many many people who have contacted these Beings and just as Angelucci, are thwarted in relating their experiences by skeptics and "prove it to me's". Perhaps *Mystic* will really encourage these people to advance. You possibly realize, even the newsstand vendors themselves look at you sidewise when you buy anything of occult nature or "unusual" compared to everyday convention—as they would doubtless call your mag.

Compare the writings of Angelucci's and Adamski's as well as Robert Rowan's "Are There Etheric Armies?"—it would seem feasible that we are having visitations by the supernatural and the natural. Also, I mark the difference between the conversations of the Beings with Angelucci and Adamski. The one talking to Angelucci evidently "talked" his language as Adamski's man spoke in a strange tongue—or could it be Angelucci's understanding is on a much higher level? I say this with no reflection on George Adamski as without a doubt he has devoted most of his life to studying and philosophizing the universe.

However, compare again. The Book of Daniel—Daniel's visit by Gabriel, apparently the conversation was understandable to Daniel . as was Angelucci's experience it seems. Also, note the apparent

sameness and the obvious differences of observation between Angelucci and Adamski as to the Beings' clothing or coverings. Angelucci's was similar to Adamski's — yet vague in description. Perhaps Adamski's being in the daylight helped in his more definite detail. Or, perhaps the difference was *Etheric* and *Real?* The one thing I cannot understand—is Angelucci's statement where the Being asked for a drink of water—or am I denser than usual?

Robert Rowan's statement that "authoritative" books can't substantiate their claims of flying saucers sounds a bit irrational. Being the low mentality that earthly man is, how can we say this is etheric and not "real"? If you are to believe there's life higher spiritually and etheric, it must also be that there are other worlds with *much higher* evolved men, than us, yet striving to higher evolvement as we are learning.

One way or the other, as these visitations are, etheric or "other world" their promptings undoubtedly come from our Maker for *our benefit* out of His great kindness. And, we should *abide* and *lead* each other to that Life of Brotherhood.

We have been trying to learn, and to an extent have—but—comes the fact we are worse dullards than we thought. Solomon was to have been very very wise and he wrote "there is *nothing new* under the sun". What could anyone say to that?

. . . I might add here that I fall right in line with the viewpoint of Virginia Fulton's letter. If I may say so, printing the *factual* should "drive home the point" quicker than ten volumes of sensationalisms!

Joan P. Grohl
1924-48th St. N. W.
Canton 9, Ohio

We believe Angelucci's Being asked for a drink of water in order to gain an opportunity to leave without letting Angelucci know how it was done. Why is it irrational that "authoritative" books on flying saucers can't substantiate their claims? Any book on flying saucers is unable to substantiate its claims. I've written one, and I can't produce a flying saucer! Can anyone? Lastly, we repeat, we won't present any mystic concept in fiction (because that's the only way available to present it) for mere sensationalism. Or do you define fiction itself as "sensationalism"?—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

You have, I believe, embarked upon what may well be a worthwhile undertaking. While I think I detect in your editorials at least a slight leaning toward the oriental concept of the evolution of the monad or spirit of man thru many reincarnations unto the perfection of the selflessness of Nirvana or unity with The One Consciousness, and of Masters and adepts aiding and guiding mankind individually and collectively along the forward path, yet you have allowed other ideas or theories to be expressed in MYSTIC. If you continue that policy, that we may consider mysterious phenomena from various viewpoints, I, for one, shall be as they say "tickled pink."

Numerous works have been written upon the many mysteries observed by man, but with only a few exceptions they have been regarded as the "disclosures of the invisible world," as the "manifestation of spirits." Not as the phenomena of nature, to be classified and arranged according to their relations, that their real agency might be discovered.

As an example of the thought processes of even a great many who try to apply their reason in reaching their conclusions, a man upon witnessing the phenomena of gravity, as where a table rises from the floor, reasons that the table was not lifted by human agency, therefore it must be raised by spirits. What possible foundation is there for such a conclusion? What possible connection is there between spirits and the act itself? There are other explanations that may be suggested, entirely independent of spirits. Is the raising of a table to be accepted as proof of a hereafter?

People go to great trouble to obtain proofs of facts and then leap to conclusions that are entirely disconnected from their proofs and facts.

Societies for physical research are spending a great deal of time and money to ascertain if Houdini, for example, is able to keep his promise to his wife to communicate after death.

Now, suppose Houdini actually made the promise, as is likely, and that after his death a person in a trance receives the message "I am Houdini", what does it prove? What actual proof there that it is the spirit of Houdini that says, "I am Houdini", or for that matter, that it is a spirit at all? Suppose 'Houdini' actually tells of his life on earth, reveals secrets that no one knew, states his present place of abode, and adds everything that the seeker after truth can desire, there is yet not one iota of actual proof that it is the spirit of Houdini that is making the statement. No court of law in the civilized world would accept for a moment the proposition that the statements made by the supposed Houdini were themselves evidence of their truth.

Now either these phenomena, now and in all past ages, are the production of spirits of another world, or they are the production of causes lying within the sphere of this world. In what way can we decide this question fairly? Certainly by the most candid and thorough investigations, without leaning to either side.

Sam Stone
3237-5th Ave. So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

No sir, we don't tend to the oriental concept. Personally, we don't go for the reincarnation theory at all, but maybe that's just because we don't remember a thing! And remember, we don't just believe a thing—there has to be evidence. In MYSTIC we present all possible evidence. Your editor isn't a Master, if such exists. He's a student like you and he learns as much from the magazine as his readers do. That's why he likes to do it so much! As for the rest of your letter, you've expressed our opinions so well they

stand as written, no comment!—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have just been reading The Seance Circle in the March issue of *MYSTIC*. Of course I know that your readers can't all be young. But, this H. H. McNaughton of Knoxville, Tenn., is really old stuff. He seems to have been around for a long time, because on page 121, I read: 'In the dim past I bought the first number of The Saturday Evening Post '

It is generally known that Benjamin Franklin himself, published the first issue of the S.E.P.—and that's quite a ways back. This durable NcNaughton subscribes to Reincarnation and I find myself wondering

Helen Todd
1525 So. Gaylord St.
Denver 10, Colorado

We wouldn't be surprised if Mr. McNaughton meant exactly what he said! We missed it, and you pointed it out to us. But even if he does remember buying it, we don't con-

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sider it proves reincarnation. It could prove something else we'll go into in a story one of these days. How about it, Mr. McNaughton? Were you trying to intimate . . —Rap.

David Stensvad:

After reading your letter in the *MYSTIC* Magazine, I just had to write. I think *MYSTIC* is perfect as it is. It serves the purpose perfectly. There are so many people with "closed minds" that would poopoo at *FATE*, which is all-true and so *MYSTIC* gives these minds the chance to satisfy their curiosity and if their hand is called, POO-POO, too. I have had spiritual communication since the age of "before twelve" and these things are no mystery to me. My guardian angel and friends have guided my good life for many years of which I am humbly grateful. If folks would allow them, each man's angel would tell him his mission in this life and help guide him right all along the way, but, people WILL NOT.

I have had saucer messages for a long time, now, and I was told in the winter of 1952 that a person in LOS ANGELES would be contacted during the—year of 52. My hat is off to Mr. Angelucci. I'd be glad if it could have been me. The saucers are FRIENDLY, and you need not worry at all about HOW we will communicate with them; we will, for they will know how to communicate to us, as they will be (ARE) able to "see" into our minds, and answering will be most easy indeed.

David, I can assure you, you are in for some most amazing spiritual manifestations, etc., from now on into the future. So, hold your olde bonnet on, boy, if you are of the frighten type. What saddens me is the fact that all people cannot *KNOW;* after all, we are an infant world. So, keep reading *FATE* and *MYSTIC*, and at least you will be in on the KNOW, which will be GOOD.

Dolores Murietta
Box-511
Garberville, California

Dear Sir:

For anyone who has so completely demonstrated his stupidity by subscribing to your magazine, it is perhaps an act of presumption to criticize anyone else, but when you crow and chuckle over the exposure of the Piltdown Man, fraud and hail it as a lethal blow to the doctrine (sic) of evolution, I am unable to contain myself.

The evidence of the Java Man, the Pekin Man and countless other cases has not been weakened and I suppose you attribute the remains of early man occasionally found in Africa to the work of some practical joker among the primitive savages of that continent. You may perhaps consider yourself on the same evolutionary scale as the African pigmies or the Australian bushmen, but few civilized white men would care to share that view.

Eohippus is surely an ancestor of the horse. Neanderthal man must be a relative of modern man and Cro-magnon man his ancestor. The physical resemblance of the higher apes to the human race is either evidence of a common ancestor or

the elaborate jest of some celestial practical joker. I believe an open mind and an investigation of the facts offered in support of what you refer to as the "theory" of evolution which are available in profusion in almost any library, should convince you that it is much more complete than that which supports the whole structure of psychic records.

I glanced through a story in a recent issue of your magazine of an alleged ride in a flying saucer and in the current issue of a personal interview with an individual from outer space. This is all about as mysterious as the so called "Shaver Mystery", the only mystery of which was why any person should publish or read it.

Exercising his superior wisdom and vision the visitor from the celestial regions, in consequence of his higher advance in *"evolution"* selected as his missionary upon earth not a leader of the Kremlin, not Dwight Eisenhower, not Winston Churchill, all of whom might have been able to exert an appreciable pressure upon public opinion throughout the world but whom? I ask you whom and also why?

Of course evolution does not occur, you say, or does it, as your author says? But if it does, is it possible that every inhabitant of every celestial center of life should wear the human form, dress in uniform, as so many humans are now doing, and even speak the English language? If, evolution or no, a living creature exists on a planet whose atmosphere consists of anything but oxygen, with or without

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other gasses it could not be human so your readers are asked to believe in the existance of a planet, within travelling distance of the earth, whose atmosphere, temperature, etc., closely approximate ours.

He omits to inform us whether his friend drives a Cadillac or a Chevrolet, prefers coffee or tea, smokes a pipe or cigars is a Republican or a Democrat and how many United States dollars he had in his pocket.

Nature is a spendthrift, wasting millions of ova that one may survive and uncounted individuals, especially among aquatic animals to develop a single adult specimen. Perhaps she is also prodigal with species creating a multitude on the chance that one variety might evolve into an intelligent, reasoning tool-making animal. The myriads of celestial bodies also indicate the same extravagance as few, if any, could probably be the abode of our kind of life.

I believe firmly in psychic phenomena when properly authenticated but I think that highly imaginative stories of underground peoples, probably spending most of their lives dodging the bits of oil well drillers, of fantastic visitors from outer space who look and act like ham actors in costume and similar tall tales should be relegated to the realm of unscientific fiction.

William Wallace
3619 W. Jefferson Blvd.
Dallas 11, Texas

How can you believe in evolution with its purely physical aspect of things and yet believe firmly in psychic phenomena, unless you place phychic phenomena in an evolutionary pattern also? And if you do, at what stage in evolution do you introduce the psychic? But let's get our own viewpoint straight. We don't question the evolution of the single primal cell to more complex forms. How else would you construct the fauna of a world if you were doing the job—simply wave your hand? I like to think it is a logical step-by-step process, and I also like to think that I could do it myself, given enough time, experience, etc. But to say that I am a horse, an Eohippus, or an ape, or a glorified cell doesn't make sense. If so, then I will become extinct like the Eohippus, who is every bit as good as me is just plain extinct? If I go to heaven, by all fairness, according to evolution, I should find Eohippus there ahead of me by many ages, happily strumming his harp. However, merely as a theory (I have the right to call it a theory, as well as evolution has to call itself a theory—and it DOES NOT call itself anything else, in spite of what you say you've seen in museums, and I've seen the same things) let's assume that whatever it is that has the psychic as its goal, or Man with ESP, if you prefer, has attained it by means of props such as physical bodies, and has used either an orderly and necessary progression of construction, according to blue print, or an experimental trial and error process, to develop the physical vehicle for the "psychic man" he has in mind. I think the great difference in opinion today between the theory of evolution followers, and the theory of immortal man followers is that the immortal

man is and always has been an immortal man, and that necessarily, by the very meaning of the word immortal, man did not evolve because he had no beginning, while the physical form he inhabits did. Perhaps both are true. It's not a question of at what point the ape became a man, because he didn't, but at what point the man used the ape for his body, and developed it to the thing it is today. Of course this is all pure supposition and we haven't any "psychic bones" to show you, and you have ape bones to show us, and also man bones. But the fact is, you do not have an ape-man bone to show us. If you have, name it, and we will go immediately to have a look, and when we've looked, we'll decide if we want to accept it as evidence. After all, it was a matter of deciding that the scientists went through in trying to explain the bones and strata and other evidence they found. They have merely fit together the pieces of a puzzle, many of which are missing, in fact so many that the complete picture cannot yet be identified. You say the physical resemblance of the higher apes to the human race is either evidence of a common ancestor or of an elaborate jest of some celestial practical joker. How so? Let us say it is not evidence of a common ancestor, but a practical joke. Upon what evidence do you base the alternative? You should read the book "Science Is A Sacred Cow". It will answer your arguments better than I, on many more things than evolution, which today you can find in "many books in many libraries" yet

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which are not true at all. Why do you assume that evolution on another planet MUST be vastly different? You MUST start with the primal life cell, or you have nothing to start from. How can you start from anything but the most simple? And, if your start is the same, why the vast divergence? And if you have vast divergence, why not have untold numbers of different kinds of "men". Men looking like apes, men looking like snails, men looking like alligators, men looking like trees, men looking like birds, and men looking like your editor. What happens when a cell divides? It developes a "fracture line" and finally fractures. But that first fracture line is the beginning of geometry, the first plane surface. But in the makeup of the human foetus, the cells don't divide, else we would just have a greater number of individual cells, not a complex structure. Well, when the multiplication of cells goes on, we have right angles, solid geometrical forms, and on and on, more complex geometrically, until we have many geometric forms expressed in the first mass of cells. Somewhere along the line the cells begin to specialize, some to make bone, some skin, some hair, some fingernails, some eyes, teeth, blood, nerve tissue, glands, brain, etc. What is it makes the cell change and specialize? Might it not be the geometry? And if so, then doesn't it point to a specific blueprint! And if a specific blueprint, then what about evolution, which blunders about haphazardly? Eophippus didn't vanish because it turned into a

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bigger horse. There is a very good theory that horses developed because of environment, and that they are still the same old Eohippus. Apes are still with us, even if Eohippus isn't. And when you say Cro-Magnon is the ancestor of Neanderthal, you are setting evolution back a long way in its progression! As for why Angelucci's Being didn't approach Churchill, I'd say that was your question, and we'll let you answer that one! However, what if the Being did approach old Winny? What would YOUR reaction be to a TV program in which the old statesman-warrior told exactly what Angelucci did? You will pardon us if we slip off into the attic and roar with laughter for a moment? Honestly, Bill, do you think Winny would have any ability to exert "appreciable pressure" upon public opinion? No, Bill, he'd immediately have a "vote of confidence" thrust upon him in Parliament, and he'd be out so fast his head would swim. Bill, if this "psychic" stuff were as easy as that, we'd have no need for MYSTIC. Our one mission right now is to dissuade you from your "firm belief in psychic phenomena." After all, Bill it hasn't been proved by a long shot. Maybe it's not psychic at all, but just evolution in its normal gallop up the road to nowhere. One more point, Nature isn't a spendthrift. She makes so many millions of sperm (not ova, as any doctor can tell you) in order to make it EASY to reproduce. The ones that don't reproduce aren't wasted. They are of no account at all. The sperm itself, and the ova, are of no account. Neither of

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them can be said to be the man. At first they are only a collection of identical cells. By no stretch of imagination could those cells have written the letter you wrote. We know about the sperm and the ova, but it's the INTELLIGENCE and its purpose that we don't know about. We're trying to find out. And evolution, sadly, isn't the answer. An ape is intelligent enough to peel a banana, but it is the intelligence of instinct, which is something entirely different again. Instinct is just another physical attribute, like an arm or a leg. The brain is only another physical attribute. But you are not your brain, as any surgeon who has ever removed part of a brain can testify. As for little people underground dodging the bits of oil well drillers, wouldn't you, if one of them came boring down upon you? Really Bill we mean no harm. We respect your letter and you, and we answer in kind because it's the only fair thing to do. At least there's some sort of Karmic law or something which says "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Who are we to try to upset an old adage like that? But, Bill, you'll never convince us with your evidence. Maybe you'll come up with something better? We'll try to reciprocate, every time.—Rap.

Seance Circle:

The May issue of *Mystic* is really a dilly. The flying saucer account

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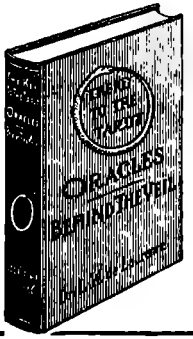

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is very unusual, and I feel, very true.

The best tho is the article on page 71, 'Mental Projection' by Walter G. Smith. I've been doing that this winter, via another method, but his is better. I would have paid many dollars for the information, and here we get it for the price of a magazine.

For some time, I've been getting music, the popular variety. First comes a tune, and then later the words. Altho the two tunes, no words came. I play the piano and know chord progression, so I know the tunes are legit. But I can't get to a publisher. Can any friend of *Mystic* help me out?

I was privileged to receive a preview reading, so to speak, from Dorothy Lauer, and wish to report that it was quite amazing. In the past number of years I have had a number of readings from so-called, important readers, and I must say that Dorothy Lauer tops them all. Any one who doesn't take advantage of her offer in this issue, is really missing something.

Dr. Marcus Fite
208 So. Division St.
Kellogg, Idaho

Dear Mr. Palmer:

After reading Mr. Angelucci's article in your November edition, I was greatly perturbed to discover in your May edition a follow-up story in which, this time—he meets and holds a conversation with an "Entity" from another world.

After being convinced of Frank Scully's seemingly non-fictional, "Behind the Flying Saucers", I was greatly disturbed by the penetrating expose' given by "True" magazine of this book. So, since then I've always been a bit skeptical of any *personal* adventure people may have had either with the Discs or their occupants.

Although, Mr. Angelucci has narrated a convincing story to Mr. Vest, it contains such a convincing undertone to be actually bordering on the fictitious level. If however, for the sake of considering "all angles", his story should be true—well, you can take it from there!

Rudolph F. Reppert
3517 N. Cicero Avenue
Chicago 41, Ill.

Frank Scully, unfortunately, fell into a trap. We don't doubt his little men in Spanish clothing, but he doubted it himself so much he

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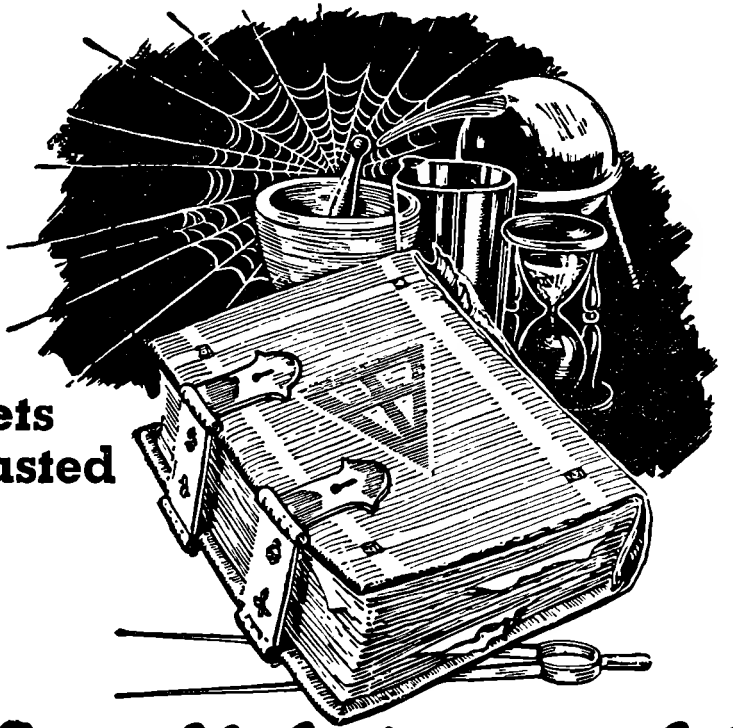

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tried to tie it to reality, and got tripped up by a couple of jokesters. True *is to be praised for its uncover article, but it is to be censured for ignoring the same treatment for the items it did not touch upon. Iconoclasts ought to explain why they didn't break all of the idol, not only its clay feet. The most you can say for Angelucci, if you want to "expose" him, is that old argument about "was it objective or subjective". Too many people, upon getting the answer, assume that it explains the whole thing away.—Rap.*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I still like *Mystic Magazine* and I think there is a need for this type of publication. But when very obvious errors are found in the articles and stories that are supposedly factual, it causes those writings to lose authority. I mention this in connection with the true (?) story, "The Moon That Rose Twice in One Night."

Mr. Stemons says, "Not very long before shaking the dust of that barren prairie from my feet—" and not much farther on he says, "Rose reached Spring Creek, paused to drink her fill of the pure, sparkling water—" He also says, "The earth—was frozen solid."

There are so many contradictions here. I was born in Western Kansas and have lived here for many years. Not only here in Western Kansas but also in other "barren" regions there are no creeks with clear sparkling water—if there were any streams they would be muddy. And furthermore if the ground was

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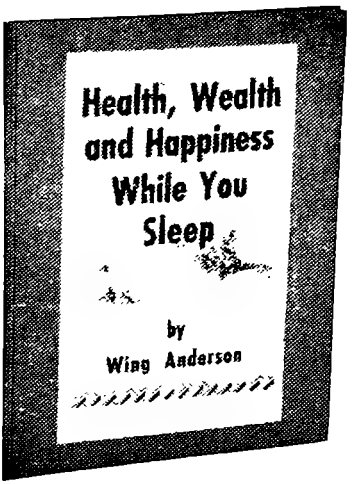

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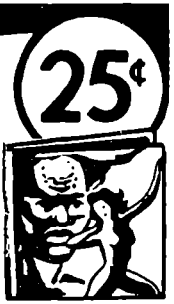

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frozen solid, the stream would be frozen also.

But perhaps the biggest faux pas of all is the full moon setting around midnight. There is, I believe, no fact of nature so abused as the moon. The full moon sets in the morning—not around midnight. For a full moon to set at midnight would be an even greater phenomenon than the one Mr. Stemons describes.

And Mr. Worth says in, "Mistress of Kama-Loka" that he watched the sun set and night grow strong and then " a thin crescent moon hung at an unnatural angle high in the eastern sky." The thin crescent, *new* moon is always, *but aways*, low in the western sky. The thin, crescent, *old* moon rises in the east in the early morning.

My natural reaction to such writing is complete rejection. And where these are found in a magazine, all so-called "Fact Stories and Articles" are suspect. Even fiction with such glaring errors concerning a perfectly obvious natural phenomenon is completely ruined for me.

Evelyn M. Fischer
Rt. 1
Garden City, Kansas

You are right about your astronomy, of course, and it shows your editor didn't edit very carefully. But let's say we caught the errors and fixed them up? Then you wouldn't be getting the straight dope in MYSTIC and you could never trust us again. But maybe Stemons can explain. If not, you have something to base your own thinking on. Wouldn't you prefer it that way? As for the "clear

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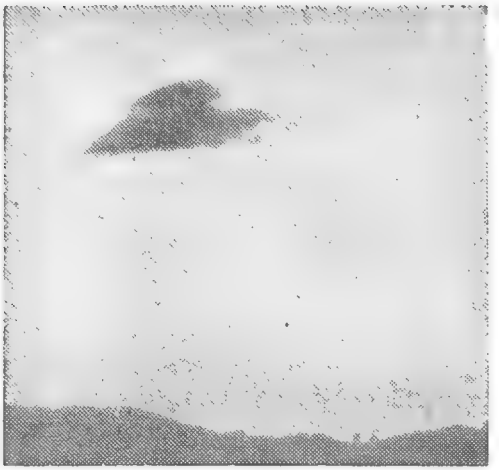

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and sparkling creek" and the "thin crescent moon hung at an unnatural angle" and "the earth was frozen solid," wouldn't recognize all of them as literary figures of speech? As for the stream being frozen solid, we can contradict you there. We live in Wisconsin, and we have a creek right in front of our house. It NEVER freezes solid, and the soil does! And we go as low as 45 below here! Maybe the errors you've found are an asset, rather than a detriment. Depends on how rigid you are in your requirements for truth. There are plenty of errors in Webster's. But you wouldn't distrust the dictionary completely because of them, would you?—Rap.

Dear Sir:

Few books or other reading material come into my personal library that do not prove the answer to a present need.

I don't know why I chose *Mystic Magazine* from the rack in a local drug store. Yet I did and have read most of it, truly appreciating the daring and responsibility of the publishers for answering the need of many Truth seekers. It acted as a strengthener for me, knowing that I wasn't queer or a mental case for having experienced equally odd happenings and adventures.

The article that especially interested me was the one written by James Samuel Stemons, along towards the end of which he discloses his conviction and purpose. Our Creator-God is not a God of mistakes or error and He blesses those who obey His laws. I believe with all my being that He has a def-

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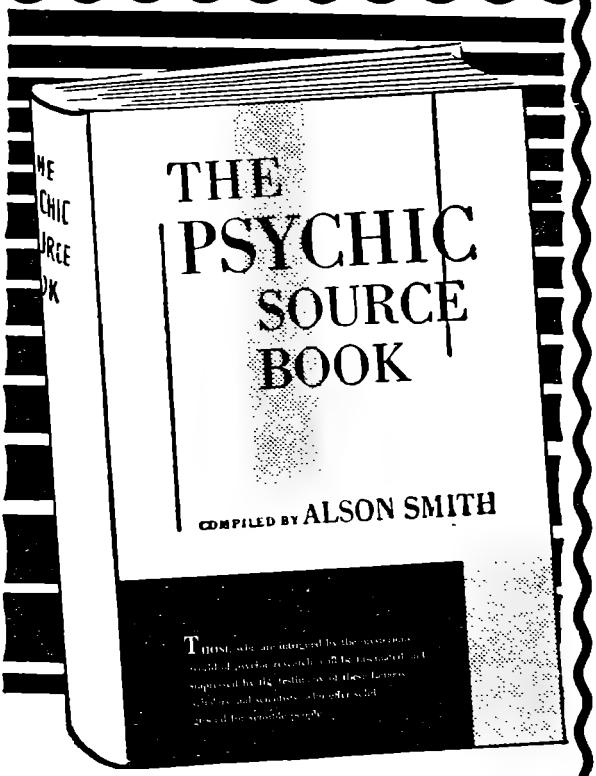

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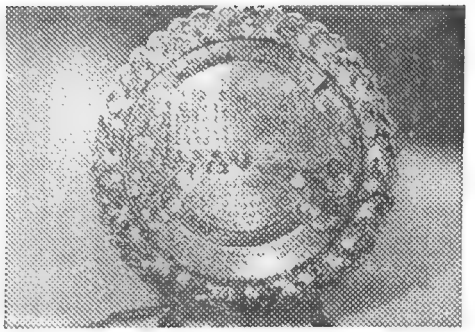

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inite purpose for the U.S.A. and that we had better awake to our blessings and responsibilities or else suffer the consequences.

Mr. Stemon's expressed views made me feel closely allied to him in spirit.

I missed the first three copies of Mystic Magazine and if it is possible, please send me them along with future copies to fill a 12 copy subscription for which the $3.00 asked is gladly enclosed.

May I send you some unusual articles of my own which are similar in type to those printed in the May issue? They are real, true experiences that I have had since meeting My Master for the first time to accept and follow Him.

Mrs. Melvin L. Baker
Lebanon, Oregon

Naturally we will be delighted to consider any articles you send in. Also, we thank you for your subscription. We've received many subscriptions in answer to our appeal so far, but we're afraid the "experts" would be able to prove we can't appeal to our readers and get enough response to make their figures come out wrong. How about it, readers? WHY is it impossible to get at least half of you to subscribe right now for a 12-issue subscription, at $3.00? You'd save money in the long run, $1.20. And you'd solve the question of whether MYSTIC will survive with one fell swoop. So easy, so cheap, actually cheaper than buying them at the newsstand. Things like this can be done. Look at how the Cancer Fund goes over, the Red Cross, the Community Chest, the Christ-

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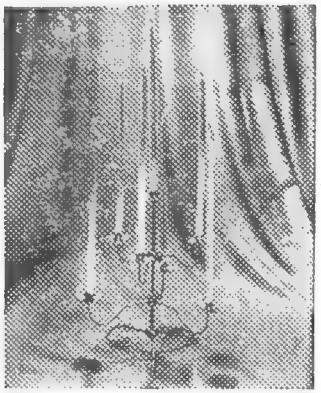

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Dear Ray:

Okay, I'll help you prove your faith is justified. I'll "invest" the $3 with you, so please extend my subscription. It is well worth it, and I wouldn't want to miss a single issue. Plenty of thought-provoking stuff in it.

In answer to one of your random thoughts in the May issue, my teacher from the Spirit world tells me that the Guardian angel—no, I mean the Soul Carrier takes over 3 days after conception. I'll ask next time about Growth controllers. A good question.

Best wishes for a most successful magazine. If it keeps on as it has been so far, it's a sure fire bet.

(Miss) Virginia D. Randall
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Thanks, Virginia. You are one of quite a few who set this good example. And we'll be quite interested in knowing what your teacher tells you about growth controllers. —Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I am delighted with the masterful way you handle the answers to the letters in The Seance Circle.

I enjoyed Mr. Angelucci's "I Traveled in a Flying Saucer," and more, Mr. Nash's article, "Are Flying Saucers Our Friends." I read everything about flying saucers I can find. I am also a student of the occult and read everything about the occult I can find.

For two years I took a course from the Sanctilean University. I am not now connected with them, nor do I subscribe to all their tenets; but they have a booklet entitled "Flying Saucers" which gives another angle to the problem for those who might be interested. The reason I mention the booklet is because it agrees so well with the letter quoted in Nash's article and written by Mr. Meade Layne of the Borderland Sciences Research Association. If you are already familiar with the Sanctilean booklet, do you know of any other organization that has something similar published? Although I have never seen one, I like many others, believe there are flying saucers in our atmosphere.

Here is a sidelight on the Sanctilean University that to me is very interesting. I have two loose-leaf folders full of lessons they sent me. In all the lessons both margins

are justified. The right margin is justified without squeezing letters in the line or without adding extra spaces. The entire page is worded so it comes out that way, and it reads well and makes sense. You can sit down to the typewriter and copy the page, and the right margin comes out on the money every time without adding extra spaces or squeezing letters. I wish I knew how this was accomplished.

How does Mr. Ray Thompson know those people advertising in your pages are pseudo-scientific? Has he subscribed to every course, studied it and found it so lacking in truth that it is not worthy of consideration? I should like to do an article on the occult schools that advertise in yours and other such magazines just to give the highlights and basic procedures of their teachings. To get that information you have to pay $5 down and $3 a month for two years.

Your editorial in this issue makes me wish I could sit down and talk with you; you have a wealth of information I am just selfish enough to want.

Melvin Miner
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Masterful? Melvin, I can show you some letters that disagree.—Rap.

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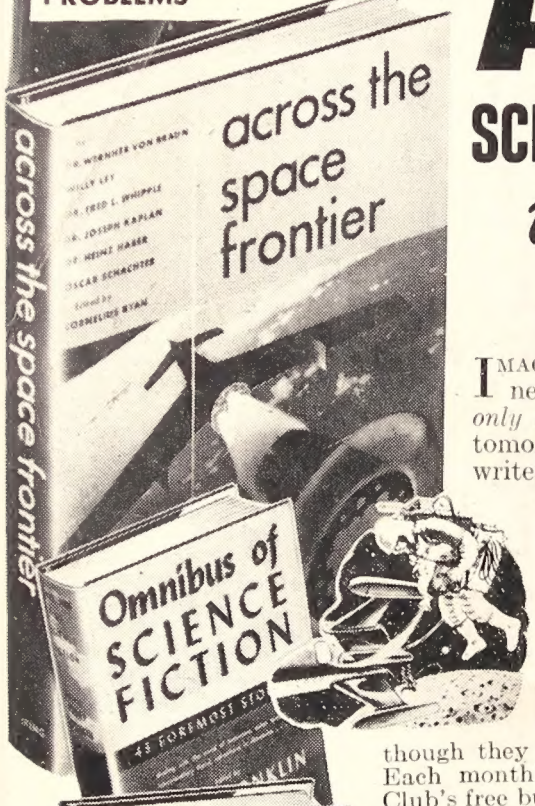

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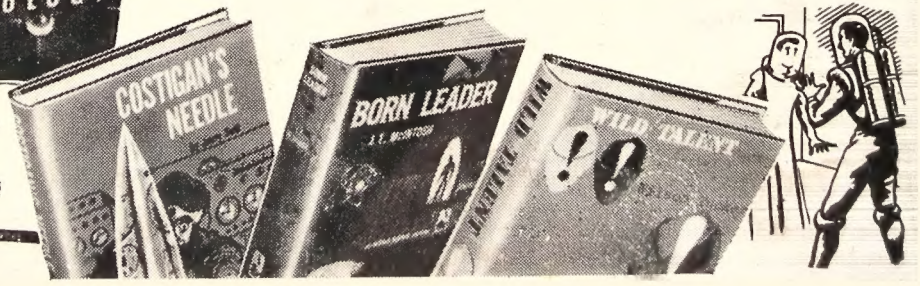

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